

JULY, 1837.

The Congregational Review

IN WHICH ARE INCORPORATED

The Congregationalist and British Quarterly Review.

EDITED BY THE

REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A.

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London:

T. FISHER UNWIN,

26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

One Shilling.]

[Monthly.

The Congregational Review.

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The Congregational Review.

JULY, 1887.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN ENGLAND UNDER VICTORIA.

IN the midst of the rejoicings which celebrate the jubilee of what may, without exaggeration, be described as the most remarkable reign in the annals of the English monarchy, it is not unreasonable to ask that time be given for a consideration of the question, than which there could not well be a graver, whether this period of scientific discovery and social change, of intellectual development and political freedom has also been a time of religious growth. Of the marvellous expansion of our empire, the almost fabulous increase of the national wealth, the extraordinary growth of our commercial system we hear enough, probably more than enough. The proud temper of the race which is at the root of those "Jingo" manifestations which have discredited some periods of the reign, and which seem ready to be repeated on the slightest provocation, has so much to feed its arrogance, that there is little need to minister any additional stimulus. It is not necessary for us to dwell on the story of our material, or even our intellectual, growth. To us it is much more important to inquire what manner of people the English nation has become under the influence of this prosperity and progress. We claim to be a Christian people. How far are we redeeming that profession? Has the gospel of Christ been gaining a firmer hold upon the mind and heart of the country, or is it to be confessed with whatever sadness and reluctance that, on the contrary, unbelief has been making extensive inroads,

and that we are in a period in which iniquity abounds, and the love of many is waxing cold? Is the power of Christian truth more widely asserted, carried more fully into the business of every day, affecting more deeply both our individual and our national life? Or is it that faith in Christ and His teaching is waning, and that as the result the tone of morality is being lowered, and that there is a perceptible weakening of all the higher obligations of life? In short, using the word in its best and truest sense, is England more or less Christian in this fiftieth than in the first year of Her Majesty's reign?

To some the answer to this question seems extremely easy. We are continually told, and that from the most opposite quarters, that faith is decaying. Mr. Spurgeon sighs over the disloyalty even of Christian teachers to the old truth. Mr. Cotter Morison, whose utterances were hailed by literary journals with an exultation, which was, to say the least, far in excess of their intrinsic worth, and may possibly have been due to a sympathy with his hopes, has assured us that the intellect of the age has given up the dogmas of Christianity and the idea of a supernatural revelation altogether. It might seem as though there must be some truth in a diagnosis on which observers of such opposite tendencies are agreed. The one expresses the anxiety of one who is tempted to identify his own system too closely with the truth of God, and to fancy that antagonism to the one means disloyalty to the other; the other exults with a premature triumph and an unwarranted confidence over the approaching downfall of a system which has ceased to command his faith, and which he therefore assumes must have lost its hold on all independent and cultured minds. Echoes of these startling assertions and predictions there are in abundance. Pessimists have never been wanting in the Church—men who with the best intentions and the most hearty attachment to the gospel nevertheless encourage the hearts of its bitterest enemies by the despair in which they indulge, because some items of their theology are being relegated to that curious and not interesting region where superstitious dreams and worn-out dogmas, which once

governed powerful intellect and commanded the homage of the world, have found an inglorious resting-place. These despondent utterances are sure to be repeated in exaggerated forms and to create a panic, the results of which are sure to be disastrous. If indeed the Church was indulging in a false security, ignoring unpleasant facts because it lacked strength or courage to deal with them, neglecting the necessary duties of the time, and provoking defeat by its own supineness, the voice of warning must be raised at whatever risk. But this is the last charge which can fairly be brought against the religion of our day. It is ever on the watch, keenly, almost morbidly, sensitive to every suggestion of danger, eager to meet every attack against the faith. The apologetic literature of the last twenty years is sufficient proof of this vigilance and loyalty. Instead of minimizing the power of the unbelief which is abroad, the tendency is to give it an exaggerated importance, and to employ strength in meeting its oft-refuted cavils and objections which might have been better employed in practical demonstrations of the living power of the gospel. There is certainly no need to pour forth lamentations and complaints as to the growth of unbelief, in order to awaken a Church which dreams of peace while the enemy is undermining the very foundations of the citadel. If there is any special ground for anxiety at present it arises rather from this very outcry about the decay of faith. The one effort of the apostles of unbelief is to persuade the unwary that the gospel of Christ is to be classed among the faiths which served as religions for men as long as they were willing to walk in their light, but which, having had their day and done their work, faded away; that Christianity has reached this stage of decay, and is seen by all intelligent men to be a superstition, perhaps of nobler type than the creeds of heathendom or Islam, but not essentially different; and that, though it may survive for a time, as did the old paganism among the less enlightened classes of the people, its doom has been pronounced, and the day of its overthrow is not distant. It is this against which we have to contend, and the defence, to say the least, is not strengthened by those

who insist on identifying their theology with Christianity, and regard a doubt cast on any of its dogmas as an impeachment of the truth of God.

The June number of *The Fortnightly Review* has a series of brilliant articles on the scientific and intellectual history of the period, in which are some striking illustrations of the spirit to which we refer. Mr. Grant Allen, who is both a scientist and a novelist, gives proof of his high qualities in both these characters in the pæan in which he celebrates the achievements of science during the half-century. The tale he has to unfold is sufficiently wonderful even when told in the most prosaic manner, but the writer embellishes it with all the skill of a practised writer of romance. If the reader were to judge from his recital he might suppose that science had discovered nothing and done nothing until this nineteenth century. The quiet assumption of this, however, would not concern us, were it not that it is a revelation of the spirit which pervades his account of the revolution which science has wrought chiefly by the doctrine of evolution, which "in Spencer finds its personal avatar; he has been its prophet, its priest, its architect, and its builder." The conclusions to be drawn from this survey as to Christianity and its hold on the faith of men are left to be brought out more fully by Mr. J. A. Symonds, in his essay on "The Progress of Thought in Our Time." According to this writer Evolutionism has completed the destructive work begun by the Copernican discovery, and disposed, as we read it, not only of the claims of Christianity, but of Divine revelation altogether. In truth, it seems to have left us without a God to reveal Himself, for when we are told that "Science, while establishing Law, has prepared the way for the identification of law with God," we feel that we have parted with the living God and our Father. In the religious speculations of this writer we seek in vain for Him in whom our souls can trust. "Law, as the law of the world's life," is not our God, "the object of obedience, the ever-present source of quickening enthusiasm." Alas! what a change would such an idea work in our religious experience! We have

only to alter the word in some of those grand utterances in which every pious soul breathes out its devotion to see what we have lost: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O Law; my soul thirsteth for Law, for Eternal Law, when shall I come and appear before Law?" "O Law, my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise." Surely the soul which has exchanged a loving Father, a living God, for a "law of the world's life" has sold its birthright for a mess of pottage made up of husks which even the swine might well refuse to eat. That there can be any spiritual or moral force in such a conception is of all dreams the wildest.

"Law and God—the order of the whole regarded as a process of unerringly unfolding energy, and the same order contemplated by human thought as in its essence mind-determined—have become for them so all in all that a wish for self, an egotistical aspiration is quelled at once as infantine, undisciplined, irrelevant."* This is the new gospel which science preaches for the purifying of the heart from selfishness and the higher development of human character. What Christ has failed to do even in those to whom He is "all and in all" is to be accomplished by this "Law and God," which has taken His place in this new religion. The power of the love of Christ to grapple with the selfishness of the human heart has been abundantly demonstrated throughout the old story of the Church, but those who have been most possessed by it have had to mourn that the old self was continually seeking, and not wholly without success, to assert its ancient supremacy. But here we are asked to believe that the contemplation of the order of the universe as "a process of unerringly unfolding energy," and "as in its essence mind-determined," will quell every "egotistical aspiration"—by which euphemism we are to understand every desire for personal happiness. It would be waste of time to discuss such a proposition or we might ask that some of these saints, trained under the influence of Evolution, should be produced in order to a verification of its claims. We are

* * *The Fortnightly Review*, June, 1887, p. 895.

thankful to have even some kind of a desire to preserve "the noble humanities" secured for us by Christianity; "but the prospect of their survival when science has completed the task assigned to it by Mr. Symonds is dim and dismal indeed.

The Copernican discovery very materially influenced Christian dogma and mythology by thus converting at a stroke what had previously been accepted as matter of liberal and historical fact into symbol, allegory, metaphor. It humbled human pride, and destroyed the overweening sense of man's importance in the universe. . . . The disintegration of these factors which are merely temporal and doomed to dissolution in Christianity has been advancing so rapidly, through the application of various critical methods and the growth of science that little of a purely destructive influence was to be expected from the theory of Evolution. Some points, however, may arrest attention.

Among these are the "death blow to the assumption of human conceit" by the theory of the descent of man from the lowest forms of animal life, the disproof of the old doctrine of the fall, and a "death blow"—it would seem as though all its strokes were death-blows—"at the old conception of miraculous occurrences." He then proceeds:

The whole scheme of things is now regarded as a single organism advancing methodically through stages of its growth in obedience to inevitable laws of self-expansion. This does not dispel the mystery which surrounds life. It does not yield the world to chance, or remove the necessity by which we postulate the priority of thought, intention, spirit, to all manifestations of material existence. But it compels us to regard this form-giving spiritual potency as inherent in the organism; as the law of its life, not as the legislation of some power extraneous to it.*

After this it is not surprising to be told that Christianity must follow the universal law; and that what is perishable in its earthly historical manifestation must be eliminated, while the permanent spirit by which it is animated, the truth it reveals, will be absorbed into the structure of creeds destined successively to supersede it and be superseded. No doubt there will be a certain number of people ready to endorse this verdict. They have no particular love for the gospel and its truths, they are extremely anxious to

* *The Fortnightly Review*, June, 1887, pp. 887, 888.

be regarded as belonging to the intellectual class, and they catch up and repeat this cant of science as to the obsolete character of Christian dogma. The insolent flippancy with which men of this stamp talk is only equalled by their ignorance; and yet, so far as the religion of Jesus Christ and its claims are concerned, they are not more ignorant than the teachers whom they are content to follow. It is certainly curious how men, whose range of reading and research ought to have taught them modesty, should speak with such unflinching confidence in relation to subjects of which they have no knowledge. They complain of the dogmatism of theologians, but they are not less dogmatic, and certainly with less reason. There is not a word in this essay of Mr. Symonds which indicates any real acquaintance with the essential principles of Christianity, and yet he coolly treats a faith which has inspired the lives of multitudes of the noblest of men, and is doing so still, as though it were not deserving of serious consideration. He is not able to hide from himself the fact that there are in it "noble humanities," but the nature of his references to them sufficiently indicates his failure to understand the position they hold in the Christian system, to see the vital connection between them and the truths on which they rest, or to appreciate the loss which the world would sustain were it to be robbed of them and the influence they exert as restraints on injustice and violence, or incentives to self-sacrifice and benevolent activity.

In one point do we agree with him. Science does not "dispel the mystery which surrounds life." It leaves everything that perplexes the intellect, saddens the heart, or constitutes the burden of life. Not one of the thousand questions which are continually pressing for solution does it answer, not one of the sorrows which enter into the lot of suffering, sad humanity, does it banish. What it does is to rob us of the one Refuge and Strength in which tried and tempted souls have trusted, and in which they have found security and strength. Without God, without Christ, without hope in the world—that is the simple account of the desolation to which science, as thus inter-

preted, reduces the soul. Is it possible that they, who with such extraordinary lightness of heart prophesy as to the future of Christianity, have ever given themselves quietly to think out what the fulfilment of their prediction would mean? It might seem from some slight, yet not insignificant indications, that, in their better moments, the great masters of science themselves are not unconscious of the magnitude of the calamity which would overtake the world if science effected what such theorists as Mr. Symonds seem to regard as its perfect work. In the fierce controversy about religious teaching in national schools, the name of Professor Huxley was frequently paraded as one who had so profound a sense of the value of the Bible, that he would have it read daily in our schools. What could be more inconsistent if the Bible be only the record of a dying superstition, if the history it contains be shown to be nothing more than a bundle of myths, if the God whom it reveals be no God, if its views of the relations of man to God are equally unfounded, if, in short, its theology be a mere piece of priestcraft, and the morality based on it without sanction or authority? May not this shrinking from the policy which disbelief in Christianity would almost seem to necessitate, have been the recoil of the heart from the conclusions of the scientific intellect? It is here that science fails, and that its prophets err in their calculations. They take no account of the deep spiritual wants of man's nature, and the heart which they have starved rises in rebellion against their theories.

If, however, there are any who are troubled by these confident assertions as to the decline of Christianity and predictions as to its approaching fall, and who, therefore, regard this Victoria era as specially an era of unbelief, there are two points of consolation which we would suggest. In the first place, we would ask them to ponder carefully the following remarkable passage. It has often been quoted before, but there is a state of mind to which it cannot be too frequently repeated.

It is come, I know not how, that Christianity is not so much a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be ficti-

tious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world.

This might be taken as a very fair description of the vauntings of agnosticism and unbelief to-day. But it is part of the well-known advertisement to the first edition of the "Analogy," and gives Bishop Butler's view of the prevailing sentiment of his own day. In his charge to his clergy delivered fifteen years later (1757), he spoke even more strongly, asserting that the deplorable distinction of the age was "an avowed scorn of religion in some and a growing disregard of it in the generality." Mr Lecky, who quotes this, mentions the following corroborative facts and testimonies in proof that "the old religion seemed everywhere loosening around the minds of men."

Swift certainly hated freethinkers with all the energy of his nature; his ridicule did not a little to bring them into contempt; he appears to have been quite prepared to suppress by force the expression of all opinions which he regarded as injurious to the Constitution in Church and State, and several facts in his life show that he had very sincere personal religious convictions. Yet it would be difficult to find in the whole compass of English literature a more profane treatment of sacred things than "The Tale of a Tub," and one of his most powerful poems was a scandalous burlesque of the Last Judgment. . . . Addison pronounced it an unquestionable truth that there was "less appearance of religion in England than in any neighbouring state or kingdom," whether it be Protestant or Catholic; Sir John Barnard complained that "it really seems to be the fashion for a man to declare himself of no religion;" and Montesquieu summed up his observations on English life by declaring, no doubt with great exaggeration, that there was no religion in England, that the subject if mentioned in society excited nothing but laughter, and that not more than four or five members of the House of Commons were regular attendants at Church.*

If a century and a half ago the self-same cries were being raised to which we have to listen to-day, there is encouragement to believe that they are not so false and hollow to-day as they were then. The difference

* Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. ii. p. 531.

between the two periods is in many respects extreme, and the more it is realized the stronger will our contention become. The worst feature of the eighteenth century was that of which Swift is the illustration, that the faith so fiercely assailed "had often no great influence on its defenders." A defiant and audacious unbelief was then attacking a Church which alike among Nonconformists and the members of the State Church had fallen into a state of apathy and feebleness which courted the attack it was so powerless to resist. Had any ardent prophet of the truth dared at that time to predict the present state of religion in this country he would have been laughed to scorn as a fanatical dreamer. Could Bishop Butler or any one of similar spirit revisit us he would be unable to understand the lamentations and wailings over a state of things in which with the recollection of his own times present to his mind he would find cause rather for encouragement and gratitude. The last thing we desire is to foster a spirit of optimist complacency, but it is worse than folly to neglect the teachings of history and allow ourselves to accept the views of those who would fain persuade us that the discoveries of science or the researches of criticism have sapped the very foundations of Christian faith and created an amount of sceptical opinion without parallel in the previous history of the country. It is at least some consolation to know that, one hundred and fifty years ago or a century ago, men were saying precisely the same thing, and with far more justification for such daring assertions; yet the gospel has not only survived, but manifests a vitality, a power of extension, and an earnestness of spirit, and exerts an influence on the world outside, which was altogether unknown at the former period.

One other consolation of a similar character we may find in the study of Mr. Symonds' speculation. According to him Copernicus inflicted a deadly wound upon Christianity, yet, strange to tell, it made no impression whatever upon its permanent power. It requires no remarkable amount of faith to predict that Darwin will produce as little real effect. If the theory of Evolution

should pass (which it certainly has not done yet) out of the region of speculation into that of established fact and principle, it may modify some of our views of dogma, but it will be found that it does as little to meet the real needs of the human heart or to weaken the power which belongs to the gospel, because of the adaptation of its message to those needs as did Copernicus and his astronomy. It is the heart of man which cries out for the living God, and the endeavour to satisfy it by talk about the universal mind, or the law which is God, or the tendency making for righteousness, will prove as futile as that presumptuous attempt of the builders who would fain have erected a tower which should reach the skies.

It is one of the stock assertions of those who are discontented with what they would call the popular Christianity, and who seem to crave for a new style of religious teaching suited to the "superior person" class of which they are members, that the habit of public worship is decaying, and that this marks a discontent with the pulpit amounting to a disbelief of the doctrines it inculcates. Thus *The Spectator*, which may be regarded as *par excellence* representative of the class both in religion and politics, writes in a review of Dr. Westcott's "Christus Consummator": "It needs no census of metropolitan worship to convince us that pulpit Christianity has lost its hold upon a moiety of Christian England, that church and chapel ministers alike are out of touch with thoughtful men, that intellectual religious earnestness is being chilled into indifferent neutrality or aggravated into secularist antagonism" (June 4th). We hesitate not to say that there never was a time when such a statement had less truth in it than at present. In the large number of preachers of all classes and all varieties of mind, and all grades of culture, who must be included under the common term of "the pulpit," there must be a certain proportion, possibly a large one, "out of touch with thoughtful people." If we are to judge by the accounts of Church of England sermons given by those who have an acquaintance with them to which we cannot pretend, the preponderance of this class

in the Episcopal pulpit must be considerable. But, on the other hand, we can testify, both from hearing and reading, that in the other class—those who are in touch with all the higher thought of the age—that Church is nobly represented by men of conspicuous ability. Our fear is not that men of this stamp fail to reach minds that are on the higher level, but rather that they soar beyond the range of the mass of their hearers. We had the pleasure a few months ago of hearing a sermon by the Bishop of Ripon. The congregation consisted mainly of well-to-do, if not rich people—the people who by a curious, but very widespread and almost undisputed presumption, often in direct contradiction to facts, are supposed to be specially intellectual people. The sermon was a masterpiece of pulpit oratory—clear, logical, suggestive, eloquent in a high degree. But a friend who was present told us that he heard it discussed at the dinner-table of his hotel by a number of these fashionable Churchmen, but that for the most part they had failed to appreciate its great power. Yet there was in it nothing difficult to understand, and had the kind of semi-scepticism with which it dealt been as common as is represented by literary and scientific authorities, it must have secured the admiration of the hearers by its remarkable power, even if it had not convinced them by the cogency of its arguments. These critics have, as it appears to us, fallen into the very frequent error of mistaking the echo of their own voices for the response of public sympathy. Learned societies are too apt to degenerate into mutual admiration cliques, and in the profound homage they render to each other their members naturally glide into the idea that all wisdom dwells with them, and that every one who has any claim to be regarded as an intelligent being thinks as they think. We are convinced that there could hardly be a more egregious mistake than to suppose (to adopt a common phrase) that ordinary congregations are honeycombed with infidelity. It would be infinitely more correct to say that numbers are steeped in indifference which is only too glad to shelter itself behind the fortifications which scientific men have

built up for doubt. Yet so superficial is the scepticism which they will sometimes throw off, with a flippancy which shows how little they appreciate the gravity of the subject, that they fail to grasp the arguments by which the preacher seeks to deal with it.

But the last charge which can be brought against the pulpit in its ablest representatives of all churches is that it fails to understand the needs of the sceptical class or makes no effort to meet them. It is a little too much to ask that it should treat the great verities which it exists to proclaim as "open questions," and the complaint that it speaks with all the strong confidence of faith, would be of all complaints the most unreasonable. But the most earnest and powerful preachers of the day spare no effort to enter into the doubts and difficulties of those who may be perplexed by the secular teaching of the period, and who, if they turn aside from the turmoil in which they have been moving during the week with a desire to find light and strength in the sanctuary, have still ringing in their ears the echoes of the discordant voices to which they have been listening, and who, though they may not be prepared to follow the lead of their would-be teachers, are yet eager for some answer to the questions by which their peace has been so seriously disturbed.

One of the most marked features of the age is the decline of the ecclesiastical spirit in a large proportion of Christian preachers. There are, of course, a multitude who hold high clerical views, and perhaps a still larger number who, whatever their views, have the clerical spirit. But it is interesting to note how even they have felt the touch of the *Zeit-geist*, and seek to adopt sacerdotal or sacramental teachings to an age which would not tolerate them even from such eloquent lips were they not cast into the dialect and instinct with the spirit of the times. Outside this circle the preacher of our day (we speak, of course, of those who are wielding a real power in the world) is marked by broad sympathies and wide and varied culture. There is in him less and less of the spirit of the monk in the cloister, and more of the old prophet who goes into the world that he

may rebuke its error and grapple with its numerous forms of iniquity and vice. He does not read theology alone; he feels that if he is to touch men he must read the books which they read, and enter into the currents of thought by which they are affected. We will not undertake to judge between the pulpit of to-day and that of former times as to its intellectual power; but we fearlessly assert that it is many a day since the pulpit was so potent and living a force in the country. There are still those who address themselves to "the class to whom the fear of hell and the appropriation of atoning merits are sufficient instruments of propulsion and attraction;" but there is an ever-increasing number of others who take a truer and more spiritual view of their work and its duties, who preach the Cross, but use it not to soothe selfish fear or awaken selfish hope, but as an incentive to the cultivation of a Christ-like spirit, and who by their own courage and zeal inspire like virtues in others.

We are not going to enter at length upon the oft-disputed question of the attendance upon public worship. Our own judgment is that there has been an extremely unnecessary and unintelligent alarm upon the point, but that it is itself a testimony to the increased zeal and earnestness of the Church. Looking back to the time of the Queen's accession, we find nothing to warrant the belief that a larger proportion of the people used to be found attending Sunday services then than now, but the Church of that time accepted as a melancholy but inevitable fact that which we regard as a reproach on Christian zeal, which we are bound at all costs to remove. If the Oxford movement has effected nothing else, it has at least secured a reverence for the Church and its services on the part of multitudes who were previously careless of both, and the influence of this has told even upon the religious communities most opposed to the doctrines and practices of the school. We do not pretend that all changes have been for good. But wise men will never overlook or minimize the nobler characteristics, and they are not a few, of the religion of the Victorian era.

Already are there signs of reaction against the arro-

gance of science, and sometimes in quarters where we should least have hoped to find them. The reaction may be slow, but it is sure to gather as men begin to perceive whither science is seeking to conduct them, and revolt from the conclusions so pithily stated by Miss Frances Power Cobbe. "Morals and psychology," she says, "in the hands of the dominant school of biologists and novelists bid fair to become mere branches of pathology; sin being reduced to a symptom of a disordered liver, and genius in its heaven-soaring flights being brought down to a superior supply of blood in a well-convoluted brain." It is to this miserable materialism, which in leaving us without a God would leave us without a soul as well, that modern speculations have been tending, and as this is made clear there will be a decided rebellion against theories which dishonour man in the desire to expel God from His own universe. "'Tis the divinity that speaks within us" which will stir even those who have listened for a time to the seducing doctrines which promised to free them from restraints against which the passion and pride of the heart chafe. They have joined in the cry against dogma, they have flattered themselves with the thought that in the universe is no being greater than themselves, they may have played even with the idea of annihilation or of absorption in the universal soul, but when they are asked to reduce themselves to the level of the brutes that perish they will recoil from the precipice to whose brink they have been led.

Well does Miss Cobbe say, "Mistrust and pessimism and fear must depress the soul and leave Lucifer master of the situation. . . . While our fathers considered the most sublime line in French poetry to be the profession of Joab :

'Je craine Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte,'

we have ceased to fear God and learned to fear microbes." The words are full of solemn warning to Christians. We have to teach the world what this trust in God can do. In the ages that are past it has filled the annals of the Church with stories of patient endurance and joyous hope,

it has nerved confessors with a courage which nothing could quench, it has raised poor, feeble humanity to the nobility of true heroism, it has commanded the homage of a world which could not understand the secret of its inspiration. The manifestation of such a spirit will move the world as nothing else can. A living power of faith and love is what the world needs. There are cheering indications of its presence in the Church, and as it is manifest, a revival of true godliness, such as followed the days of unfaith in the eighteenth century, will silence the fears of the pessimist and the boastings of the unbeliever.

THE MARTYR MISSIONARY BISHOP.

THE recently published life of Bishop Hannington* is a book full of interest to the student of human nature, to the lover of his kind, and to all who in any degree concern themselves about modern missions. Hannington was cast in no common mould. His thoughts and views and actions were not after the ordinary type. Nor was his mission work commonplace. Whether we think his judgment at fault so seriously that he paid the penalty with his life, or whether we judge that he took no more than ordinary risk when beginning that last journey which brought him day by day steadily nearer death, we cannot fail to admire the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which shines forth in all his actions in the mission field. Mr. Dawson has sketched his career with the sympathy and insight of a true friend; he allows us to see the real man, and so has produced a biography of more than passing value.

From early life Hannington manifested signs of marked individuality. At an age when other boys covet tarts, he was caught secreting as a great treasure a rare Babylonian seal. He was early made familiar with the pleasures of

* *James Hannington, D.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.* By E. C. DAWSON, M.A. (Seeley and Co.)

the sea, and spent much time on his father's yacht. When about fifteen he went to Paris, and manifests his boyish interest in all that was new and striking by putting such entries in his diary as the following: "I am rather glad the archbishop (of Paris) is dead; we are going to see him lying in state." A year or two later, during a yachting trip he notes, in the same record, this amusing incident: "Father went on deck with five sovereigns in one hand and the paper in which they had been wrapped in the other. He threw the sovereigns overboard and kept the paper. He was much vexed."

A curious glimpse of his inner man is obtained from the following entry written when he was twenty:

I lost my ring out shooting, with scarcely a hope of ever seeing it again. I offered to give the keeper ten shillings if he found it, and was led to ask God that the ring might be found, and be to me a sure sign of salvation. From that moment the ring seemed on my finger; and I was not surprised to receive it from Sayers on Monday evening. He had picked it up in the long grass in cover, a most unlikely place ever to find it. A miracle! Jesus, by Thee alone can we obtain remission of our sins.

Years later he wrote, "This was written at the most worldly period of my existence;" and Mr. Dawson sees in it the early traces of that remarkable faith in God he exhibited in later years.

A chapter dealing with the delicate question of how his father forsook Congregationalism for the Established Church, and which is by an odd coincidence termed "Emancipation," describes Hannington's escape from business, which he had always detested. The first blow at the shackles which bound him, according to his biographer, was the desertion by his family of an Independency which seems for some time previously to have been nominal. His father had built a private chapel in his grounds at Hurstpierpoint, and then the family, "finding, after a wide experience of men and things, that they had no serious quarrel with the Church of England, decided that they would seek admittance into her communion." As this is written by an Anglican, it is interesting to know that, in his

judgment, it appears to be dangerous for Nonconformists to get a wide experience of men and things, because if they do they may long to enter the Church of England, and may discover that their quarrel with her is not "serious." Would it not have been nearer the mark to say that as wealth increased and friends multiplied it became somewhat irksome for the family to maintain sturdy Nonconformist principle and practice, and so the easier path was chosen, and "Dissenting ministers" preached for the last time in St. George's Chapel?

The immediate bias of Hannington's mind after his "emancipation" was in the direction of ordination, and in 1868, as a preliminary step, he entered Oxford. During his residence there he by no means distinguished himself in scholarship, although his strong personality made considerable impression upon the men of his time. The authorities were also impressed, but less favourably. The president of his college once remonstrated with him on his inattention to study, "and inquired how long he intended to continue 'a gentleman at large.'" With an audacity not often equalled, he replied, "I hope you will no longer regard me as a gentleman at large, but a gentleman at 'Small's'!" He played practical jokes, boated, and generally enjoyed Oxford life to the full, and, after a longer course than usual, graduated B.A. in 1872.

The sketch of the various influences that developed his Christian life is very interesting. A strong, earnest letter from a college friend, which he allowed to remain unanswered for over a year, deeply impressed him; and when he did reply to it, under a feeling of spiritual need and difficulty, his friend bade him read—being unable himself to visit him—Mackay's "Grace and Truth." Repelled at first by the book, on a second or third attempt at reading it he lit upon the chapter, "Do you feel your sins forgiven?" and while reading it the great change came. Here is his own account, written long years later:

I was in bed at the time of reading. I sprang out of bed and leaped about the room, rejoicing and praising God that Jesus died for me. From that day to this I have lived under the shadow of His wings in the assurance of faith that I am His and He is mine.

A good proof that in his case the spiritual change was real, is affirmed by the fact that he became more active than ever in Christian work. Losing none of his old vivacity, as high-spirited and as full of fun as ever, he yet made it manifest to all that he was no longer his own, and that his highest joy was to be active in the Master's work and in the winning of souls. His own experience was so vivid and strong that he soon felt he ought to take every opportunity of making known what great things the Lord had done for him. He began to preach extempore, and although he met with a humiliating failure on one occasion at Hurstpierpoint, he persevered. He bade farewell to his Devonshire curacy at Martinhoe, and accepted another at Darley Abbey, a suburb of Derby. Here he began to take part in mission work. In 1875 he took his M.A. at Oxford, and entered upon his duties as the incumbent of his father's chapel, St. George's, at Hurstpierpoint, where he was to spend the next seven years. He soon became a great favourite in the district; and he threw himself with heartiness into his work. He had not been there long before he sold his horse, though passionately fond of riding, and turned his stable and coach-house into a mission room. Though never in any sense a great preacher, he became both interesting and, what is far more important, a preacher who did his hearers good. He spoke as an earnest man to earnest men and women; and his biographer traces his power to the fact that in the pulpit he dealt with truths that the Spirit had made plain to his own heart.

His ecclesiastical position does not seem to have been clearly defined. We are told that he did not appear to attach himself "*exclusively* to any section of the Church," or to "take the slightest interest in Church party-politics." "He was quite willing to occupy the pulpit of any man—whether in the Church of England or out of it—who would allow him to preach a gospel sermon." In fact, his ecclesiastical history was chequered. Brought up a "nominal Independent, he naturally followed his father in that easy conversion to Established Churchism already referred to.

Prior to this he had been attracted towards Romanism, but stopped at the half-way house of a rigid outward Anglicanism, "the self-denial which was entailed upon him in keeping the Fasts and Holy Days of the Church," seeming to "satisfy for a while his spiritual craving." His biographer judges that if during his Oxford life he had come under the influence of a powerful, attractive High Churchman, "he might readily have been seized, and, at least for a time, held." It so happened that the men of his time who held these views were—and let our readers note that this is a Churchman's description of the ridiculous mummeries that pass for the true way of worshipping God who is a Spirit in the case of many of those Oxford men who so supremely despise Dissent—young men who "paid great attention to correctness of posture in chapel, and to niceties of observance in public and private worship." They were "fond of dressing themselves, in the privacy of their own rooms, in abbreviated lace-trimmed surplices, and getting themselves photographed with crozier and censer."

For all such contemptible travesties of Christianity, Hannington had little but disgust and aversion. Later, we learn, "his lot fell among Evangelicals." Even these did not satisfy him, in so far as sympathizing with them compelled him to accept all their convictions and practices. "Towards the close of his ministry especially, his feelings towards all Christian workers became enlarged and his antipathies softened." And while "his love for his own Church evidently deepened with each year that he served in her ranks; he had no doubt in his own mind as to her superiority, both in order and forms, over those bodies which dissented from her."

As this notice is written from the point of view, not of a "nominal," but of a thoroughgoing Independent, we confess we do not share Hannington's convictions. He himself maintained his large sympathy with and charity for other communions, mainly by violating the spirit if not the canons of the Church to which he belonged. The day is fast passing when the Free Churches of this country are to be continually insulted by a toleration that simply admits

that they *may* be doing God's work, though the proof is not so certain as it would be if they could see that their quarrel with the Church of England is not "serious." It is serious, and goes down to the very fundamentals, and while no Free Churchman, worthy of the name, would refuse to admit that in spite of her great defects in doctrine, polity, and practice, the Church of England is doing good work for Christ; he would equally assert that the Free Churches are much nearer the apostolic model, and stand on a far higher level by reason of their freedom from State bondage, and from the no less grievous hindrance, the dead weight of tradition and of antiquated forms.

We have no space to follow out here the wonderfully interesting details given of Hannington's life. The whole record is full of a very real and touching human interest, and no one can read this book without being the better for it.

We may not always be able to repel the conviction that Hannington's heart was stronger than his head, we may have but little patience for his eccentricities, we may differ from many of his views; but none can refuse to believe in the single-heartedness, courage, devotion to the Master, and willingness to lay down even his life for the welfare of others which he so abundantly manifested.

The whole story of his growing interest in missionary labour is well worthy of attention, and is very instructive. In fact, it is the most fruitful subject for thought in the whole memoir. The commercial spirit of the present age is so penetrative that it has forced its way into the field of missionary enterprise. It cannot be otherwise. Money is essential to God's work no less than to human enterprise. Veteran missionaries exhort their younger brethren to go abroad, not at all encouraging the notion that they are making great sacrifices in so doing, but rather telling them that they will find larger spheres, exert a wider influence, reach a higher level, than by struggling in the ranks of the already overcrowded army at home. Those who sneer at missions and who profess to believe that heathens are better off "in their native happiness," do not hesitate to say that many who go abroad on the whole "make a good

thing of it." Contemptible and pagan as this temper of mind is, it is nevertheless well to be able to confute and rebuke it by showing that cultured, wealthy ladies do not hesitate to face all the horrors of heathendom for Christ's sake, and to bless their less fortunate sisters; and that men who had much to lose and nothing in a pecuniary or social sense to gain, are as ready now—nay, possibly even readier—as in past days to give themselves to the work of foreign missions.

With private means, with a large circle of friends, with a devoted wife and a family of young children, with a prosperous church and yearly increasing opportunities of home mission work, all the reasons seemed against Hannington's giving himself to foreign missions. But it was well he went. It is well that ever and again the old apostolic fire should blaze forth as it did in Henry Martyn, William Chalmers Burns, John Williams, and a host of others. It is well, even when the life is so short and the labour done comparatively so small. It is not always the longest life that is the most fruitful, nor is the greatest impulse invariably given to Christian enterprise by those longest spared to keep the hand on the plough. Of Hannington, as of the other good men who have toiled and suffered and died for the heathen, the saying holds good that "he being dead yet speaketh."

It was, in a sense, a voice from the dead that called him to the work. The tidings in 1878 of the death of Shergold Smith and O'Neill, at Victoria Nyanza, seemed to tell him that he must go forth and carry on the work. In 1882 the decision came. He offered himself for five years' service in the Nyanza work. That mission has a noble, though a brief, past history. It most assuredly has a glorious future. Of his long journey in 1882 and 1883 we can say nothing, except that he, as many others before him have proved, found that the Lord's will was not as he wished. Old college friends of the writer have toiled along part of the same weary road, only to reach "the haven where they would be," and then, ere work could be begun, have been called to the higher service. Every student of modern missions

should read the sketch of his journey, with all the humorous, unexpected, ordinary and extraordinary incidents, culminating in that sad return which none thought he could safely accomplish. In June, 1883, instead of carrying forward the work so close to his heart on the Nyanza, he was back in London, a worn and tried invalid.

In 1884 the Church Missionary Society resolved to appoint a bishop to supervise the Central African stations, and Hannington, whose health had been greatly restored, was set apart to this work. He returned as soon as possible to Africa, and brought to his new field of toil all his energy of mind and body.

When one gets over the seeming incongruity of associating episcopal functions with mission work in Eastern Africa, it appears that he did his work well. He stirred up sluggish workers, opened some new fields and planned others, and slowly came to the determination to go himself and see whether he could not succeed in opening a new, shorter, and much healthier route to U-ganda, through Masai Land. It was from the fierce inhabitants of the latter that danger was apprehended. Their district once passed, and none whom he consulted doubted his ultimate success.

He started on July 23, 1885, and from the outset was tried by the manifold difficulties of African caravan travel. In the last letter ever received from him—one addressed to his wife—dated August 11th, he exhibits the spirit in which he began the enterprise by saying, "If this is God's time for opening up this road, we shall open it up." He thus refers to the various small hindrances making themselves felt:

We are a little poor, as Jones (a native missionary accompanying him) says. My watch has gone wrong. The candles and lamp-oil were forgotten. My donkey has died, so that I must walk. Well! Having no watch, I don't wake up in the night to see if it is time to get up, but wait till daylight dawns. Having no candle I don't read at night, which never suits me. Having no donkey, I can judge better as to distances, and as to what men can do.

The final word is, "And now, just leave me in the hands of the Lord, and let our watchword be, 'We will trust, and not be afraid.'"

Many and trying were the incidents by the way. A good illustration of the unexpected difficulties is the following. A fine tree attracted them by its welcome shade, and his men sat down to rest beneath it.

A vast swarm of bees came down from the tree and settled upon the caravan in thousands. The men ran for their lives, many of them dropping their loads. The bees covered the ground for some two hundred yards in every direction from the tree. The bishop bid the men return for their loads, but though they tried they found it impossible. The bishop made the attempt, but was driven back. He dressed himself in mosquito curtains and tried again, but before he got the loads he was stung most pitifully.

At Kwa Sundu, Hannington decided that he would push on to Lake Nyanza with fifty porters. He reached the shores of the lake near the Nile, and on October 21st he was seized by natives acting under orders from Mwanga, the successor of Mtesa, kept a prisoner for eight days, and cruelly murdered with all his followers on October 29th. The immediate cause of his murder was the influence obtained over the new king's mind by the anti-Christian party at Rabaga, combined with a strong native prejudice, unknown to Hannington, against allowing any white man to enter the kingdom from the north-east.

The last entry in Hannington's diary—which most fortunately has been preserved—written on the day of his death, is, "I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."

Not long after these words were penned he was killed by one of the native soldiers, who shot him with his own gun. This, then, was the end of his journey, and this the close of his energetic but too brief life. Among his last utterances is one that may fairly be considered a prophecy certain of realization. "I am about to die for the Ba-ganda (*i.e.* the people of U-ganda), and have purchased the road to them with my life." It is easy to see his danger now. It is easy to criticise his methods. It is *not* easy to emulate his entire consecration to mission work, and his great surrender of self.

We are among those who hold and believe most firmly that the modern Church has her apparent failures, her martyrs and her ultimate victories, no less than the Church of the second and third centuries. It does not seem too much to expect, as it certainly ought to be the object of our prayer and endeavour, that the way may be opened up to the hearts of the dwellers in U-ganda, and that this generation may see the Christian revolution amongst them that has so recently been accomplished in the South Seas and Madagascar, and that is now in progress along the south-eastern coast of New Guinea.

When this comes—as come it will—not the least among the forces producing it will have been the life and influence of James Hannington, first bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

WHY AM I A CONGREGATIONALIST?

IV.

THREE answers have been given to this question in the pages of THE CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW,* and if other confessions are admitted, and a fair number of persons, both male and female, ministerial and lay, can be induced to enter the confessional, the Editor will be in a position to furnish in a final summary of what he has suffered us to say, a useful compendium of Congregationalism as it is. Manuals of our Principles declare what Congregationalism ought to be, denominational histories show us what it was, but what it practically is now, what it is worth as a living force and witness, may perhaps be best made known by the answers of contemporary Congregationalists to the question with which this paper deals. And I venture now to enter the confessional, in the belief that special value may attach to the answers of those who speak without the authority that is the just reward of exceptional and lengthened service. The state of opinion among the rank and file may be better known

* CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW, February and March, 1887.

to the subaltern than to the officers of high degree ; and, if I may be allowed the seeming paradox, the least representative men may sometimes most truly represent.

Putting then to myself, not for the first time, the question: "Why am I a Congregationalist?" I proceed to render audible the searching inquest for an answer. I crave indulgence for three preliminary observations.

I. Any autobiographical dispositions the question may evoke must be at once resisted, for autobiography is here beside the mark. My parentage and education may have been influential in determining my ecclesiastical position, but the question is not how I became, but why I remain, why I am to-day a Congregationalist; why, out of all existing forms of the religious life and Christian witness, I make choice of the Congregational way. If I remain a Congregationalist simply because my father was one before me, I am one nominally and outwardly, but may not in spirit and in truth be one at all. For, to adapt the language of St. Paul, he is not a Congregationalist who is one outwardly, neither is that Congregationalism which is outward in the flesh, but he is a Congregationalist "who is one inwardly."

II. But if a man may be reckoned a Congregationalist without actually being one, it seems also true that he may be a Congregationalist without being reckoned one, even without knowing that he is one. In the one case the body is there, but the spirit is absent; in the other case the spirit has become involved in an alien body that suppresses its normal manifestations. In the Anglican Church, for example, there are some who insist, as earnestly as any Congregationalists can do, on the priesthood of all believers; and others, again, who resent and resist the "secular" interference to which they are legally subject, and loudly assert the spirituality of the Church. One is disposed to say to such as these: "Verily thou art a Congregationalist; a Congregationalist inwardly, but a Congregationalist in bonds, and it is the Congregationalism in the heart that makes the bonds so galling."

III. Last among these prefatory observations I place the

recognition of the fact that the question under consideration presupposes a knowledge of what Congregationalism is on the part of all those who attempt to answer it. Possibly the answer given may appear in some cases a sufficient proof that the knowledge presupposed is lacking; and these papers may render service in dispelling delusions on the point.

Proceeding now to face the question for the treatment of which these prefatory remarks were designed to clear the way, I reply:—

I. I am a Congregationalist because I believe Congregationalism to be the natural form and expression of that Divine life of faith and fellowship to which the Lord Jesus Christ calls and conducts all those who yield themselves to Him. That this is indeed the life to which He calls us,—a life of faith in Him as the revelation of the Father, and our ever-living Prince and Saviour, and of fellowship with one another in the common hope and aims of His gospel; that He draws men to one another as He draws them to Himself, and that their fellowship is a necessary outcome of their faith—I take to be beyond all question. I believe that Christ desired His followers to associate themselves together in His service, to cultivate and manifest the unity of a common life in Him; and that, through the manifestation of this unity He designed to secure a world-wide recognition of His authority and claims. Even so He prayed: “that they may all be one; even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be in us; that the world may believe that Thou didst send me.”

As soon as this life of faith begins to stir within the heart, the body it makes unto itself, the outward form that it assumes, if left to act freely, is necessarily Congregational. External pressure, artificial pre-arrangements, may force it into other moulds, but if suffered to develop naturally, this is the form that it must take.

Let me venture an illustration. Suppose half a dozen persons, with one New Testament, suffered shipwreck, and were cast like Crusoes on a desert island; and suppose these people, being wholly unbiassed in favour of any

particular form of ecclesiastical polity, even ignorant of the various forms that ecclesiastical polity assumes, should betake themselves to the study of the Book to which they had hitherto been strangers, and, led by its teachings, should heartily submit themselves to Christ. They would rejoice together in their common hope and confidence in Him. They would meet together in their common dwelling, or in the most convenient spot, in the Name of Christ, for worship and mutual improvement in the knowledge and the love of God; and that simple company of fellow-believers would constitute a true and complete Congregational Church, lacking nothing. It could be nothing else. It would lack officers and arrangements essential to other forms of Church polity, it would lack nothing essential to Congregationalism. If by any means the numbers of the small community should be increased, they might find it expedient to appoint one or more of their members to the office of pastor and teacher, but no such officer is essential to the constitution and existence of a Congregational Church, which is simply a company of believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, banded together in His Name, to do His will and to promote His glory; acknowledging no authority but His, and inspired by full confidence in His assurance that where two or three are gathered together in His Name, He Himself is in the midst of them.

The simplicity of this conception of a Church attracts me to it, for in all that has to do with our religion—organization, ritual, doctrine—I take simplicity to be a note of truth. No hierarchy of any kind; no priesthood, save that which is the common prerogative of all believers; no caste “in holy orders;” no Presbytery, or Synod, or Conference, is necessary or natural in a Church of Christ; and because Congregationalism distinctly bears witness to this, which I take to be a truth of deepest moment, therefore am I a Congregationalist.

II. I am a Congregationalist because this conception of a Church seems to me as glorious as it is simple. It throws the members utterly on Christ, makes everything depend on the realization of His presence, and thus provides a con-

stant discipline for faith. It is only possible to bring it down from heaven to earth, and approximate towards its practical embodiment, as we learn to look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen, in clear conviction and remembrance that the things which are seen are temporal, and the things unseen eternal.

There can be no Congregationalism apart from a distinct recognition of the present guidance and inspiration of the Holy Spirit that leadeth into all truth; and any methods that prescribe beforehand the operations of that Spirit, and set limits to its free activities, must ever be abhorrent to this faith. Congregationalism does not seize on any ancient definition or venerable creed, and insist that all the light God ever meant for man already lies enshrined within it. It has no formularies to restrict the freedom of its thought or speech, to hold down the truth, or to tempt its adherents to intellectual dishonesty. It listens with due respect to the teachers of most diverse schools. It does not brush aside with rude contempt the traditions of the Fathers, nor brand the spirit of the age as "of the devil;" but it seeks to try the spirits whether they be of God. It ever says, and strives more deeply to believe, that One is our Master and Teacher, even Jesus Christ our Lord, and that there is still direct communion between His followers and Himself.

III. Lastly, I am a Congregationalist because, as implied in what has been already stated, Congregationalism is ultra-Protestant, and, in its very essence, anti-sacerdotal.

More than five-and-forty years ago it was declared by an eminent Episcopalian divine that "there really never can be but one fundamental ecclesiastical question, which is this: Whether the idea of the Christian Church includes as essential a mediatorial priesthood, or exclusive caste of any kind, through which alone the blessings of Christianity can be conveyed and received."* And he was entirely right. This ever has been, and remains, the one fundamental ecclesiastical question. The answer of Congregationalism is clear and emphatic. It knows nothing of mediatorial priesthoods or exclusive castes. Its ministry is not an

* F. Myers, "Catholic Thoughts on the Bible and Theology," p. vi.

order, but an office, and the only Mediator that it knows is "the Man Christ Jesus."

I do not forget that other Christian Churches believe as firmly as Congregationalists can do in the one and all-sufficient Mediator between mankind and God; but I find in Congregationalism the most consistent ecclesiastical evolution from this central article of Christian faith, and therefore I choose to be and to remain a Congregationalist.

Of Churches, as of the individuals that constitute their membership, I hold it to be true that all have not the same office; and I take it to be the special function of Congregationalism to bear witness to the Divine idea and purpose of the Church: to furnish a pattern of redeemed humanity in the realized communion of saints. It may not be the best of all possible instruments for aggressive evangelistic enterprise, but its elasticity and freedom leave room for ever-varying adaptations to particular circumstances and changing needs; and if the work of Prophet and Teacher more especially devolves upon it, this work is not less honourable or less necessary than that of the Evangelist.

The difficulty of realizing a Congregational Church seems to me a witness for the truth of its ideal. We may dwell on that ideal, and the ineffectual attempts to embody it, till we grow disheartened and depressed. Like the noble Roman who, being touched with the rugged grandeur of the Stoic doctrine, exclaimed, "Show me a Stoic! by Heaven I long to see a Stoic!"—we may be moved to cry, "Show us a Congregational Church! Verily we long to see a practical realization of this exalted ideal." But if this be a reproach it is a far-reaching one, and lies against our Christian faith itself, whatever our ecclesiastical polity may be.

How very hard it is to be
A Christian!

How hard to "be perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect"! Yea, and not only hard to climb that topmost height, but, in pursuit of the Divinely-given ideal

To realize it, more or less,
With even the moderate success
Which commonly repays our strife
To carry out the aims of life.

And yet we must essay the task, and labour to be Christians. Even so must they to whom this special witness concerning the Church has been entrusted, labour, and pray and strive together, to lessen the distance between the actual and the ideal. It is a task worth living for; and, despite all failure and depression, despite all disloyalty and misconception, I would still press on, inspired by the assured conviction that, while the ideal must ever hover above the realized attainment, it is possible to approach much nearer than we yet have done to its practical embodiment.

ERIC A. LAWRENCE.

V.

FIRST. I am a Congregationalist, very much as King David was a stranger and a sojourner, because all my fathers were.

But I am also a Congregationalist by conviction, because Congregationalism, considered as a policy, not as a creed, seems to combine in the happiest proportions individual religious freedom with social religious organization.

Congregationalism is sometimes said to be that form of ecclesiastical government which is most nearly allied to, and which most closely harmonizes with, the Republicanism that constitutes our National political government.

This, however, is hardly demonstrable. Congregationalism is modeled upon the Southern idea of a confederacy, rather than upon the Northern idea of a Nation. In Congregationalism all power inheres in the congregation. Each church is a separate and independent body, conducting its own business without reference to any higher body, without ultimate appeal beyond itself; calling Councils, but only for decorum; combining with other churches in a Conference, but only for conference; organizing itself with others in a National Council, but only for council. In none of these bodies does a church relinquish a particle of its self-government to any other body, either in respect of belief or action. The Conference may, for difference of creed, withdraw fellowship from some church.

The Council may, for lack of confidence, refuse to assist at the installation of some minister. But none the less does the particular church remain a Congregational church, organized and perfect in all its parts; and none the less may a church insist on installing and retaining the pastor of its choice without forfeiting its claims to be a Congregational church. All that it forfeits is its place in the association of Congregational churches. So far as they are concerned it is Independent, but so far as its own constitution is concerned it is Congregational. A church may at any moment secede from any Conference, withdraw its representation in National Council, refuse to act in accordance with the advice of a local council—and no council, local or national, is empowered or pretends to do more than advise—and the worst and most that can happen is that it may cease to be a member of a local association and become an Independent church. It in no way loses its entity as a Congregational church. All its organization is still complete within itself. Incorporation into any larger body is purely voluntary, does not affect the constitution of the larger body, is a relation which can be assumed and resigned at will. The departure of any church does not organically rend the body from which it secedes. The advent of any church in no way constitutes the larger body an organism. A Conference or a Council is but a voluntary assembly of churches, a congregation of congregations present by representatives. A church is but a voluntary assembly of believers united by their belief. There is thus no Congregational church, while there are a great many Congregational churches. In this, therefore, it is unlike our National Government, that it is, in any combination, but a collection of organisms of equal rank. These are never, like the States of the Union, welded into one, a different, and a higher body, the Nation. For its strictly simple and sufficient Home Rule, I am a Congregationalist.

Christ established no church, neither Catholic nor Congregational, nor any church between the two. All ecclesiasticism is of human origin. Christ left undisturbed all the mechanism of human society, ecclesiastical, political,

domestic, friendly. More than that, He repeatedly and publicly called attention to the fact. He protested that He did not come to destroy the law or the prophets. He preached in the synagogues already built; He entered with ready sympathy into the social festivities to which He was invited; He loyally paid tribute to the rulers under whom He found Himself; but He enunciated principles under whose working the law became only a shadow and a reminiscence—synagogues crumbled, tyrants fell, festivals were purified.

Neither one church nor another, therefore, can be justified in claiming to be the original Church of Christ. Congregationalism finds its warrant—a true warrant—in the promise of Christ: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." That is what a church establishment is for—to retain the spirit of Christ on the earth, to diffuse the spirit of Christ through the earth, to draw the kingdoms of this world into the one kingdom of our Lord, the Kingdom of Heaven.

We have the assurance of Christ that no complicated machinery is necessary, no Synod or Presbytery or Hierarchy, Episcopate or Bishopric, or See or sermon. A church is the simplest possible form of organization. It is only to be on the spot. It is only to come together in the name of Christ, and Christ will be there. Every little country school-house prayer-meeting, every pioneer group gathering itself in a log hut on the outskirts of civilization, can make itself into a church complete in all its parts, because the only condition is that it shall assemble in the name of Christ—not in the name of rivalry or faction, ambition to establish its own sect, or dissatisfaction with the other minister, or determination to have its own way—but in the name of Christ. This is the condition which men must fulfil. Christ has promised to fulfil the other condition. He will be present.

The name of Christ—name which is above every name; name in which lies all our hope, perfection of the life that now is, promise of the life that is to come—how many crimes are committed, how much of selfishness, self-will,

vulgarity, and vice, broods under that holy name! But there is none other name given under Heaven among men whereby we can be saved, and upon this rock must the true Church be built.

I am a Congregationalist because Congregationalism acknowledges the invisible Christ as the only church foundation, and builds upon this foundation no visible church universal after the fashion of the kingdoms of this world, but recognizes that the true church universal must be invisible and spiritual, after the fashion of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Any warrant for Congregationalism in the words of Christ is not to be confounded with an imposition of Congregationalism upon the world as the one imperative divinely-ordained church government. The context itself shows that Christ did not, in the text, command or found the establishment of a church; for He recognized a church already existing. Before giving His disciples the assurance of His presence at their gatherings, He had directed them in a certain contingency to tell their troubles to the church. Therefore, a church must have been already formed. What this church was, or on what principles organized, we are not told. Probably it was in conformity with Christ's subsequent assurance, which assurance itself may have been but the stronger affirmation of some previous unrecorded "seed thought;" for the word used and translated *church* is defined to mean literally *congregation*, *any public assembly*. It may mean, and has sometimes been supposed to mean, the Jewish Sanhedrim on the one hand, or any assembly of devout men on the other.

This declaration of Christ, that where two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ, there will Christ be in the midst, is no more a Divine ordering of Congregationalism as the one enjoined Scriptural, ecclesiastical polity, than is that other declaration: "*Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets, I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil,*" an enforcement of the perpetuity, the universal binding obligation of the law of Moses. It is no more a Divine ordering of Congregationalism than is that

other declaration to Peter, "*Upon this rock will I build My church,*" a Divine ordering of the Roman Catholic Church as the one only true church. All such interpretations seem equally and utterly foreign to the true interpretation of Christ's life and teachings. We do not need to fall back upon the researches of learning, though they show us earlier manuscripts in which the text "*upon this rock will I build My church*" is not found. Granting the full text, the Roman Catholic inference is only a little harder to draw than the Congregational inference. Both are forced. Neither follows of its own accord.

We greatly weaken our cause when we found it on any adventitious circumstance, or any isolated text, and not on natural, eternal principles. We who worship God with simple rites are too apt to sneer at ceremonials more minute and numerous than our own; but all ceremonial is of human origin, of man's device. The posturings and vestments of the Episcopal Church, the altar and incense of the Roman Catholic Church, we sometimes picture as un-Christlike — pompous, worldly, not to say wicked, additions to the simplicity, corruptions of the purity, of the true Church of Christ. But they are not necessarily wicked or wanton. True, Christ ordained no mitre or chasuble, cope or cassock, but neither did He ordain the chorister, or the cushioned pews, or the silver communion tankards of the Congregational churches.

Congregationalism, as I understand it, is founded on the nature of man as trained according to Scripture, and marching in ecclesiasticism *pari passu* with its march in science, in politics, and in the common arts of life. Congregationalism, in the time of Christ, and in our own, is in some sense a reaction against a too elaborate and tyrannical organization, a return to nature after the fatigues of cumbrous form. The Hebraism of Christ's time was an intricacy of generations, and bound upon the shoulders of men burdens too heavy to be borne. Christ, not with violence, but with gentle insinuation of truth, unloosed those heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free. When a Jewish preacher was to be installed with whatever detail

of their separating ritual and sacerdotal consecration, one of the charges to the pastor was: "Take thou liberty to teach what is BOUND and what is LOOSE." Christ formulated no argument against this as a usurpation of Divine power, heaped upon it no denunciation, but to the little listening group of unlettered fishermen, learning of Him to be meek and lowly in heart, He said quietly: "Whatsoever *ye* bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever *ye* loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." It was Christ's quiet but complete annihilation of all the arrogant pretensions of the Jewish Church, its priests, and rabbis. It was the unfrocking of the Jewish clergy. They had become an absolute hierarchy. They claimed authority over the Kingdom of Heaven, power to lay down its law, to open and to close its doors. All this Jesus swept away with the gentlest breath of His lips. In the Kingdom of Heaven the greatest is not he who claims the most; but the greatest is as a little child. "You, little ones," He seems to say to His disciples, "you ignorant but knowing Me, you are the real priesthood of My spiritual kingdom. You, without synagogue, or ritual, or birthright of Levi, but taught of Me and teaching Me as the Saviour of the world, you are the ones who have the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." The Catholic Church, founding on this its claim for priestly absolution, takes up the exact idea which Christ indirectly condemned; builds up its close-fitting and far-reaching organization on the very plan of the rejected Jewish priesthood. Because Christ denied to any hierarchy the control of the Kingdom of Heaven, making it the vested right of Peter and of the disciples, uneducated fishermen, unconsecrated by form; the vested right of any two or three who should be gathered together in His name; the vested right of any congregation of believers, or, indeed, of any single believer, praying to the Father in Heaven—I am a Congregationalist.

Congregationalism thus interposes the least possible machinery between man and his Maker. The constant tendency of mankind is to sacrifice unto the net and burn incense to the drag—and a very good reason the prophet

gives: "because by them is their portion fat and their meat plenteous." If, in addition to this, the net and drag are made æsthetic, sonorous, magnificent with all the splendour of wealth and culture, music, art, and architecture, the danger of remembering the net alone and forgetting Him who giveth all is greatly increased. It is the aim of Congregationalism to use only such and so much netting as may be necessary to catch men; so much form and ceremony as may be necessary to the preservation of values, to the dissemination of truth; as much as is hinted at in the words and deeds of Christ; as much as is demanded in the Pauline requirement that all things be done decently and in order. Congregationalism would have no organization for organization's sake, but only so much as shall best secure the preaching and practising of the gospel. It sees in all Christ's teachings a steadfast tendency against the machinery of the Jewish Church, a steadfast endeavour to place religion upon a spiritual and practical basis. Humanity is constantly asking: Shall we worship the Father in this mountain or in Jerusalem; by the Greek or the Roman, or the English, or the Presbyterian Church, with priest or minister, with a white neck-tie or a white surplice? And Christ ever replies: Neither here nor there, neither in one Church nor another, neither with robes nor bells, nor pulpit nor order. All this is not Christianity. It is only custom, convenience, temporary, incidental, and altogether changeable. Real worship is in spirit and in truth. If the elaborate ecclesiasticisms of the world claim that they are necessary to keep alive in men the sense of Divinity; that the world needs, still, machinery even if it tends to superstition; that promulgation of the gospel must be by intricate politics, checks and definitions, ranks and orders, changing robes and sounding services — wheels within wheels of command and subordination — why still has Congregationalism other work to do than dispute with them. I think they are mistaken. I think a good deal of their effectiveness is in danger of becoming sacrifice unto the net and burnt-incense to the drag. I think it is sometimes worshipping and serving organization more than God.

In all time-movements we must recognize the Divine hand, and Congregationalists bid God speed to those who follow the Master, even though they follow not us, even though they sometimes double and turn upon us; but much of enginery seems not only to belong to and to build up a kingdom of earth, rather than the Kingdom of Heaven, it seems also to have a tendency to conceal the real nature of the Kingdom of Heaven. Christ, leaving the earth as a person, to remain for ever upon it as a presence, as the Holy Spirit, emphasized but one mode of evangelization: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations.

Whenever an idea is sent fresh into the world, the tendency is for it to stiffen at once into forms. The foot-fall of Christ had hardly ceased upon the hills of Judea before His spiritual church was loading itself down with prescripts. Reason is constantly breaking forth into revolution against prescription, and is no sooner free than another system of prescription is constructed. It is the mission of Congregationalism constantly to antagonize this constant tendency—not to malign or traduce it, but to moderate it to the lowest advantageous point. It is the mission of Congregationalism to keep as close as possible to the Christ-idea. When the rest of the world is swinging its censer and broidering its garments in the name of Christ, it is the part of Congregationalism to remind the world, by example, indeed, rather than by precept, that this is not Christianity. It may accompany worship, but worship is other than this.

Congregationalism can make no greater mistake than to erect its simple and sensible forms into as rigid a framework as that which encases, and sometimes imprisons, other churches. As formalists, Congregationalists are weak. There is no comparison between our severe services and the sonorous, spectacular, and impressive ritual of what are called the historic churches. Our strength lies only in keeping close to the spirit and the teachings of Christ. Art and science and culture have done their utmost to produce the solemn forms of a thousand years'

growth. We can have no hope of improving on that. These churches *are* historic because they have cultivated those qualities of human nature, love of beauty, music, sentiment, which answer most easily to cultivation. Our church has been relatively inconspicuous in history because its chief appeal is to the reason, upon which indolent human nature is loth to rely, from whose cultivation it largely shrinks. Christ makes a man judge for himself. Man greatly prefers to put upon some one else the responsibility of judging for him. The history of Congregationalism is a history of New Departures. It began fresh, pure, strong with the inspiring words of Christ. It has begun afresh many times since under the bold and lofty impulse of clear thought and holy aspiration. It is continually hardening into limits, fixity, death, but it rises again with newness of life, and each time a little higher, with a little more life than before. It will prevail only with the prevalence of reason. Because I believe that mankind is on the road from tutelage to self-government, from the dominion of the animal to the dominion of reason, and that man can best learn to use his reason by using it, I am a Congregationalist.

It will readily be seen, as it naturally follows, that while other churches may, in seasons of torpor, fall back upon the embodied truth of their forms, Congregationalism, which has no embodied truth, must have its truth always fluent to be vital. The historic churches may afford to sleep, strong and confident behind their barrier of sentiment, their record of power, their store of litany and liturgy and ritual, feeling that the wheels are still turning while they slumber. But Congregationalism has no such barrier against the steady tide of advancing thought; has no such substitute for the steady working of the ransomed and regenerated reason. Unless one is free-minded, active, receptive, with the windows of his soul—be they large or small—wide open to the rays of the ever-rising sun of righteousness, a Congregational Church is no place for him. Nothing is more unattractive, I might almost say more repulsive, than the meagre formulas of Congregational

worship in the hands of a pastor without thought. If one's mind has touched its limits, if he is settled immovably on any creed whatever, if he pins his faith to Scott, or Edwards, or Calvin, or Athanasius—to any other than the “one only name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved”—Congregationalism is not for him. Let him go into the historic churches, and sleep on there, and take his rest. In the Congregational Church, he is losing all the good of their beautiful and imposing ritual, of the obedience and decorum which they command. He is missing all the good of the free mental play, the untrammelled spiritual growth, the incessant search for truth, the development of the whole man which constitutes the sole “reason to be” of Congregationalism.

GAIL HAMILTON.*

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION HYMNAL.

It will not in the long run be a disadvantage to the new “Hymnal” of the Congregational Union that it had to face at its very birth the keen blast of criticism which, to say the least, was not very kindly. If the “candid friend” has not said all that can be said in depreciation, he has, at least, said so much that we may assume that we know the worst that can be said against the book. Mr. Barrett may, therefore, be congratulated on the negative evidence of the excellence of his book which this searching examination has supplied. We are very far from setting up any claim to perfection for the new “Hymnal,” but the impression left on us by the critique is that it will meet the wants of the churches in as satisfactory a manner as can reasonably be anticipated. And that is really the only practical question. Experts in hymnology, like experts in every other department, are apt to attach importance to matters

* This valuable paper is extracted from a rather longer article in *The North American Review*. Our readers thus have the advantage of an extremely vigorous and independent American estimate of Congregationalism.

which the uninitiated regard as mere trifles. The critic and the practical man may both be right from their own point of view, but either will be wrong if he seeks to impose his idea upon the other. In this matter, for example, while we are not indifferent to the judgment of literary experts, we shall try to look at the book in the light of its adaptation to the wants of congregations. If it stands this test we are not very anxious as to how it is likely to meet any other.

In order, however, to the formation of a just opinion, even as to this restricted issue, there are two or three points which need to be borne in mind. The first is the rigid restriction as to the number of hymns imposed on the editor by the Union Committee acting in deference to the understood wish of the Churches. There has been a widespread and, as we think, well-founded complaint of the size of our present book, and in consequence the number in the present "Hymnal" has been reduced by more than one-third. Of course there will be now an outcry that certain favourite hymns have been left out. But this was inevitable when so great a reduction had to be made. But, obvious as this seems, it is vain to hope that everybody will be reasonable enough to see it. No one will deny the general principle, but every one will be tempted to demur to its application to any hymns with which he has some hallowed association. If there was a universal consensus of opinion in relation to the merit of different hymns, even a smaller book than this would suffice. As it is we are sure to have expressions of dissatisfaction as to some which are lacking from the 750. They deserve attention only if it can be shown that these lost hymns have a position so thoroughly established that their omission is very widely felt, or that others have been inserted which a candid judgment would pronounce inferior. We advise our readers to pay little attention to the list of omissions until they have considered which of the present hymns they would displace in order to make room for their favourites whose absence they deplore. Certain it is the book could not have been enlarged without provoking a storm of opposition. For to give no other reason, the cost

is one important factor in the determination of the size, and no enlargement could have been effected without an increase of price.

The primary condition for the success of a "Hymnal" is that it should be thoroughly Evangelical. The idea that our Churches have lost or are losing their hold on Evangelical truth is a sheer delusion. The letter of the old creed has changed, but its spirit still lives. The spirit of charity and tolerance which so honourably distinguishes Congregationalists is not the result of any change of opinion on the vital truths of the gospel, but of the growth of truer ideas of liberty. They are prepared to admit great diversities in modes of expression, and even wide varieties of opinion, in relation to points which do not affect the central facts and doctrines of Christianity, but there could be no greater mistake than to suppose that this argues an indifference to the old gospel, or any alienation from it. When, therefore, it is objected to the new "Hymnal" that it includes hymns in which these doctrines are directly asserted or implied, it will be felt by numbers that the criticism is really a recommendation. Thus exception is taken to hymns in which the word "worm" occurs.

Great God! how infinite art Thou,
What worthless worms are we (19).

Taken as a whole the hymn is one of singular impressiveness and even grandeur, but it contains the word "worms" as applied to men, and that is sufficient to discredit it with the critic. Again, in No. 59, we have an old hymn restored to its original richness and beauty, of which it had been robbed to a large extent in the original Congregational Hymn Book. But it has the line, "Such guilty, daring worms to spare." Hence it incurs the critic's censure. Now we do not profess any liking for the word "worms," and are half reconciled to the loss of one of Watts' finest hymns, "Up to the fields where angels lie," because of the prosaic lines by which it is disfigured—

For worm was never raised so high,
Above his meanest fellow-worm.

But when the objection is pressed so far as in the cases we

have quoted we must ask on what it rests. Is it the unpoetic character of the word, or is it the doctrine which it contains that forms the ground of exception? If the latter then the criticism becomes a recommendation. There are numbers who would most hesitate to employ the sweeping language about depravity which was once in vogue, and was thought essential to orthodoxy, who have not, therefore, ceased to believe in the exceeding sinfulness of man, and in his inability to deliver himself from the power and the consequences of sin. The new and, as its supporters think, the truer and freer theology has not so completely overborne and swept away the old as they seem to assume. There are men, and among them some whose right to have an opinion is justified by the ability with which they defend it, who adhere to the old doctrine although they may have their own modes of expressing and explaining it. The intellect of the Church has not all forsaken the old faith, still less has it adopted the new gospel, "which is not a gospel" that finds favour with some who claim, though on very doubtful grounds, to represent the mind of the young generation. Intolerance has been regarded as the besetting sin of "orthodoxy," and we cannot deny that it has often exposed itself to the reproach, but it certainly does not stand alone in this offence when objection is raised to the "Hymnal" of a denomination which is distinguished for its fidelity to Evangelical truth, because that truth inspires its hymns of praise.

It is not on the subject of human depravity only that the reviewer objects to the teaching of the "Hymnal." He is equally opposed to its view of the Atonement. He takes exception to the following :

In relation to the Atonement :

Blessings for ever on the Lamb
Who bore the curse for wretched men (69).

the utterly unscriptural verse, most repulsive in its imagery :

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin :
But in Thy wounded side (276).

and the unpoetic, unscriptural, and repellent representation of the Sacrifice of Christ—

Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin (286).

What can this objection mean unless it be a repugnance to the doctrine of the vicarious sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ? If it were a question of mere expression that would be a matter of taste about which controversy would be futile. But it is clear that there is much more than this, for such an objection does not lie at all against the first two lines, and as to the others, the "unscriptural" character of the teaching is one of the points of criticism. All we can say is that if the doctrine had been eliminated from the book, it would have had but scant mercy and short shrift from the Churches for which it has been prepared. As to the doctrine of the "larger hope" or a second probation, on which another series of criticisms proceeds, it certainly has not become the accepted view of the Churches, and even if it had, we still do not see why some of the verses objected to should not be retained.

But we will not pursue this line of remark further. The fact that the book adheres more closely to the lines of the old theology than is agreeable to some, will only make it more acceptable to the great body of Congregationalists. It is high time that such a practical protest was made against the attempt to get rid of things most surely believed by the great majority of our ministers and people by quietly relegating them to the limbo of old fogeyism. Turning from the theology and the general character of the "Hymnal," our verdict on the general merits of the book must be one of very hearty, if not absolutely unqualified, approval. The editing is extremely careful, and on the whole the selection very judicious. Old and new hymns are very admirably blended, so that while the established favourites of the Church are retained, there are large additions, taken not only from modern poets, but also from older ones, some of whose finest composition had by some unaccountable neglect been overlooked in the collection at present in use. The present Congregational

Hymn Book with its supplement contains 1280 hymns, the "Hymnal" has only 775, and of these 300 are new, leaving only 475 of the old hymns. The change amounts almost to a revolution, and will necessarily provoke a great deal of adverse comment. There is no subject on which every member of a congregation feels so competent to pronounce an opinion as hymns. A very curious collection might be made of the criticisms passed by quiet individuals with hardly a spark of poetic sentiment and without any literary faculty whatever, who nevertheless feel themselves fully justified in pronouncing upon the true merit of a hymn, mainly because of the way it strikes their own taste. We have heard one of these amateur critics object to Bonar's hymn, "Calm me, my God, and keep me calm," on the ground that there were too many "calms" in it. He really is only the type of a class, all of whom will undertake to pronounce dogmatic judgments on particular hymns and upon the "Hymnal" as a whole. The number of ministers and even of laymen who think that they could prepare a hymn-book of their own is something extraordinary, and a new "Hymnal" has to stand a raking criticism from all of them. Considering that the editor has had to eliminate no less than 800 hymns, it is easy to see what an abundant material for attack he has provided. As we have already indicated, however, the question is not whether there are omissions which we regret, but whether those omissions can be justified by regard to the limitations under which the editor has had to do his work. These were imperative, and the points really to be considered are whether the hymns that have been excluded have made a place for others of a higher order.

On this point it is not very easy to speak. The omissions that have been already pointed out do not seem to us, with one or two exceptions, to be very serious. For ourselves, we regret the omission of Bonar's hymn,

I said, my God, at length,
This evil heart remove.

but possibly a reason may be found in its subjective character. But we must confess no reason suggests itself to us for the

omission of such hymns as Reed's "Spirit Divine, attend our prayer," Wesley's "Head of the Church triumphant," Ray Palmer's "Jesus, these eyes have never seen," Kelly's "We've no abiding city here," Doane's "Uplift the banner," and Miss Havergal's "Tell it out among the heathen," which, when set to suitable music, is one of the finest missionary songs that we know. That the absence of these will be used to prejudice the book we have no doubt, and we are bound to add that, in our judgment, it would have been easy to find a place for them by omitting others which could better be spared in the volume. E. S. A. contributes no less than eight or nine of the 300 new hymns, and of these, three are for "flower services" and repeat almost the same idea. Apart altogether from the intrinsic merit of these hymns, as to some of which probably we might have a somewhat different judgment from the editor, we cannot but feel, if they are to be compared with some of the omitted ones, there can be little question as to which ought to have been retained. Even this, however, does not settle the question. An editor has more to consider than the relative merits of different hymns. He has to maintain a certain proportion between different subjects, and so has sometimes to reject hymns which he would gladly retain, because he has already others on the same subject, and to insert some which are really inferior because they are suited for some particular occasions for which otherwise sufficient provision would not be made. Some of E. S. A.'s hymns, for example, supply an element which otherwise would be almost wanting in the book. Then musical considerations must be taken into account. We must not only have good hymns, but hymns that can be set to easy flowing tunes. Altogether it is evident that the selection of hymns is not so easy a task as some imagine, and, further, that in hymns, as in the designs for coins, the judgment of the practical man may be better than that of the expert.

No doubt when all these suggestions have had their full weight it may still be said that there are some unaccountable omissions, and some equally inexplicable insertions in this "Hymnal." We will not dispute it. But to say this is only

to say that the book is not perfect, and perfection is not to be attained in hymn-books any more than in men. Indeed, the first difficulty would be to get a standard of perfection. Let half-a-dozen men, thoroughly competent for the work, with spiritual sympathies, literary tastes, and full knowledge of the wants of our congregations, examine and revise this hymn-book, and we undertake to say that the omissions and additions would differ in every individual case, and in fact that no two lists would be exactly the same. It is absurd, therefore, for any one to expect that the "Hymnal" will be in exact accord with his own taste, and if the critical spirit be only kept in proper subjection, and the "Hymnal" be judged by its real worth, we have no fear as to the result. The book contains the richest treasures of our psalmody. Not only have we a large increase of fine hymns taken from a wide field, but even some of the old hymns have acquired a beauty which they never possessed before, by the care with which Mr. Barrett has corrected the impertinent interferences of previous editors, and restored the hymns which they had spoiled to their original forms. The indices are done with singular care and fulness, and will be greatly prized by all who desire to use the book intelligently. If we were to select one section of the book for special praise, it would be the second, entitled "The Lord Jesus Christ," which is as beautiful as it is full. Not the least merit of the book is the care with which it has provided for all diversities of Church life and work, and, consequently, the varied needs of public worship. Mr. Barrett is a man full of evangelical fervour, who is in touch with all that is wisest and best in the aggressive Church work of the time, and this quality is reflected in the book. Sections xi., xii., and xiii., "special occasions," "special intercessions," and "national hymns," are extremely valuable. We have heard the objection that there is only one hymn for those at sea, but under the restrictions of number laid down this is perhaps as much as could be done. The list of authors is a sufficient testimony to the catholicity of taste with which the book has been compiled. It is interesting to note for how little sectarianism counts in the songs of Christian faith and love. We have not compared this book

with Dr. Allon's admirable book, partly because the difference in the size renders such comparison out of place, but partly also because we do not believe that our Churches are ever likely to adopt an "Act of Uniformity" in relation to hymn-books. Sufficient for us that the Union has achieved a great, indeed a signal success. It has met a real want of the Churches, and met it so effectually that we are convinced the book will grow in favour the more it is known.

As to the musical part we have the judgment of an accomplished choirmaster. He is an absolutely impartial man, with large knowledge and experience, without any interest in any other book or special prejudice of any kind. We asked him to test the book by its adaptation to Congregational wants, and as he has himself raised the service which he conducts to the highest degree of excellence, he is competent to speak. We have his report before us, not in merely general terms of commendation, but in a distinct judgment on each separate tune. He has arranged them in four separate classes, and the general result is very satisfactory; that is, there are but few tunes he would put aside, and a large number which he pronounces of high character. On his recommendation the book will be at once adopted by the Church of which he is the able choirmaster. As musicians differ quite as much as experts in hymnology, there will doubtless be opinions differing from this, while those who agree in the main outline will dissent from some of the details. But a judgment so unbiassed, and formed with equal knowledge and care, warrants us in giving the musical part of the work a hearty recommendation.

Mr. Barrett deserves the gratitude of his brethren. Such a book has been long felt to be a real desideratum, but its full value will not be understood till it has got into use. We are behind other churches in this combination of hymns and tunes in one book, and the convenience of the arrangement must commend itself to all who consider the subject. But this would have been a very small recommendation if the hymns did not meet the real needs of the churches. Our belief is that they do, and this is due to the devout spirit and discriminating judgment of the editor.

PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY.*

THERE is a great charm in the vivaciousness of Mr. Haweis' style, and in the realism of his portraiture, although sometimes the vivaciousness verges upon flippancy, and the realism becomes partial in its obliviousness of the special conditions and endowments of apostolic life. The phenomena of Paul's Divine legation are surely as palpably present in the record as the characteristics of his common manhood, and demand of the historian that he account for them.

Mr. Haweis does not discuss or analyze, he simply characterizes and pronounces authoritative judgments—that is, his method is intuitive rather than judicial. Hence the value of his dicta depends upon the quality of his vision, the character of his general bias, and the intelligence of his intuition. In some particulars his method is sufficient, and it makes his book very pleasant reading. He is never tedious, but flits from point to point with the passing touch and rapidity of a swallow, and sometimes with a swallow's erratic course. But on points that are obscure or dubious, where complex elements have to be resolved, uncertain factors verified, or apparent contradictions to be harmonized, we feel dissatisfied. A dictum is not sufficient; we ask for the evidence upon which it is based, we wish to know the temper and bias of the judge. In this Mr. Haweis altogether fails. Where intuition is manifestly inadequate he is entirely wanting. He has no power of patient analysis, no function of judicial investigation.

We therefore feel throughout that every judgment has to be interpreted by the quality and bias of the writer, not by his impersonal examination of phenomena. Ascertain what, in general position and temper Mr. Haweis is, and you may infallibly forecast his judgment upon any particular points.

This makes any review of his book exceedingly difficult. You cannot weigh reasons, cross-examine witnesses, cal-

* *The Picture of Paul (the Disciple)*. By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A. (Charles Burnet & Co.)

culate moral probabilities. You have to imagine the evidence upon which the authoritative judgment of the author is based, and to construct hypothetically the reasonings that have to be tested; both of which may be erroneously conceived after all; so that the only possible thing when forced to differ from his conclusion is to oppose assertion to assertion. You cannot criticise an atmosphere or reason with a cloud. The difficulty is the greater because with many of Mr. Haweis' intuitive judgments the reader also will intuitively agree—at any rate in part. Criticism has no material for discrimination.

The element that differentiates historical romance from history, strictly so called, is largely present here. The imagination is largely employed, not merely to present facts with vivid reality, which is its function in history, but to suggest motives and feelings, and even unrecorded circumstances. This contributes to the realism of Mr. Haweis' portraiture, for he is a skilful artist. But men do not accept the historical romance of even Shakespeare and Scott for history itself.

Throughout the work there is manifest a strong bias against the special and the supernatural as elements of apostolic qualification. More than once Mr. Haweis has reminded us of Robert Hall's saying concerning a polemic of his day, "Sir, he will never set foot in the spiritual world so long as he can find footing in the physical." In a certain measure this is reasonable. Nothing can be more ignorant and weak than an indiscriminate reference to the supernatural of all incidents in Bible history. Because the supernatural has to be recognized and demonstrated there is the more need of scrupulous care not to claim for it one iota more than the facts compel. Mr. Haweis errs in the opposite direction. Because much has been unauthoritatively claimed for the supernatural he will therefore concede to it scarcely anything. Because ordinary human conditions do account for much they account for everything. The true problem is to discriminate and to mediate between the two. This Mr. Haweis does not attempt to do. His bias is strongly anti-supernatural, and

it is here only a bias, it is not an argument. He simply affirms ordinary phenomena, or he gives us subtle suggestions of illusion. He really evades the real points of difficulty arising from the apparent presence of the supernatural. Mr. Haweis does not formally deny, neither does he affirm. The suggestion is conveyed by tone and characterization rather than by explicit statement. Thus, the shaking of the prison in Philippi when Paul and Silas were singing hymns is spoken of as simply a coincidence: "One of those volcanic upheavals which during the first and second centuries visited the bed of the Mediterranean, destroyed Laodicea a few centuries later, and buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, shook the prison where Paul and Silas sang, burst open the prison doors. In the confusion chains, stocks, cells, furniture, prisoners, everything seems to have got mixed and shaken up" (p. 103).

Possibly; but first, how does Mr. Haweis know this? Next, would any unsophisticated reader accept this as the natural explanation of the language which the writer of the Acts employs? Why should he, and the sacred writers generally, be so *maladroit* in the choice of their words and in the colour of their narratives as always to need the interpretation of anti-supernatural ingenuity to make it clear that the apparent meaning is not the meaning intended? Then, how does Mr. Haweis account for the number and opportuneness of these extraordinary coincidences?

So in accounting for the visions of Saul and Ananias Mr. Haweis simply says (p. 45, *et seq.*) that they have (1) a natural or rational side. Saul, with his nervous temperament and ophthalmic affection; and Ananias, with "a great gift of healing, like the beloved Jesus," who "also had his vision, and found therein Saul marked out as the next person upon whom he was to exercise his beneficent mesmeric, magnetic power—his blessed gift of healing." Also friends, who excited Paul's hopes of Ananias' healing power, so as to cause him to dream about Ananias coming to him and healing him. (2) A spiritual or religious side. Saul was forced to pray. "The Divine mechanism of prayer wrought out the correspondence—it was the indis-

pensable link in the mysterious chain of Divine discipline and correspondence." We give Mr. Haweis' own words, for we are not sure that we understand their meaning. (3) A human or affectional side—referring to the sympathetic interest felt in him by Ananias. "So the story of Saul's conversion is itself converted into a parable of divine love, interpreted by the gracious and tender ministrations of human sympathy." Mr. Haweis does not even allude to the possibility of there being also a supernatural side, which in the light of traditional and general interpretation is surely neither history nor argument.

So the record, Acts xiii. 2, "As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them," is quietly explained as the prompting of Saul's "world-hunger." No place was big enough for him. That is, a probably true contributive element is put as the only cause. A characteristic remark is "the Church at Antioch probably heaved a great sigh of relief as he departed. They probably saw rocks ahead." Again, we say this is not history. Then we read of Paul in Cyprus, "Paul met him and unmasked him. In the interview Elymas suddenly *went* blind. . . . Paul, we know, was temperamentally mediumistic, for he had trances and visions, foresaw things, had a gift of healing, spake with tongues." Only Paul differed from Elymas in "leaning" not on physical phenomena, but on "the inner spiritual life" (p. 73). Nevertheless, such a statement attributes all the gifts of Paul here enumerated to his being "temperamentally mediumistic," no other cause being even suggested.

So the "damsel possessed with a spirit of divination" is described as "a certain girl with abnormal mediumistic powers of some sort—a kind of trance medium, but very ill-regulated—the prey, as our spiritualists would say, of bad undeveloped spirits;" but it is added, "Paul turns on the girl a spiritual force more powerful than her own," apparently meaning a mediumistic force. At Ephesus Paul "found the kind of atmosphere which always opened him out. He was at heart a mystic; the sanest mystic that

ever lived—but a mystic still. Ephesus was full of spiritualism. Every one saw visions, dreamed dreams, worked miracles . . . this suited Paul's temperament—it was the atmosphere in which he was best fitted to operate, in which he came out most powerfully; but not as a conjuror, or mere trance-medium or soothsayer, but rather as a ruler of the spirits (p. 145). "Paul's ministry is characteristically more saturated with the phenomenal at Ephesus than elsewhere. It took on the hue and complexion of his surroundings." The books that were burned were "the receipt books, with stored-up experiences of what took place, presumably in light and dark *séances*—details, doubtless, of how to get the *raps*, the *voices*, the *lights*, the *materializations*, and all the rest of it" (p. 147). Well, it may have been so, but is this the method of history or that of romance?

Eutychus "seems to have been *merely stunned*," and Paul "revived him." The explicit assertion of the historian is *καὶ ἤρθη νεκρός*, not *ὡς νεκρός*. Mr. Haweis seems to claim the French monarch's superiority to grammar.

Agabus, "a prophet, a man of second sight, entered mysteriously, and, going into a sort of trance, took Paul's girdle," &c. (p. 167). But this is not even criticism of the historical record. It is the intrusion into it of elements that have no warrant save that of the writer's own imagination.

Mr. Haweis traverses *primâ facie* meanings and accepted judgments by implications rather than by formal refutations or criticisms. This is especially seen in his running implication of the polemical bias of Luke, and by his indirect disparagement of the historical value of his history, as in such sentences as these:

"With it (the Epistle to the Galatians) we are able to check the loose chronological narrative and accommodating statements of the Acts in more places than one" (p. 8).

"Note the absolute discrepancy between Acts ix. 20 and Gal. i. 16, 17" (p. 51). As if *εὐθέως* precluded a brief ministry in Damascus before going into Arabia, and making no allowance for the polemical character of the statement in Galatians.

"I am not sure that Luke may not have overrated the polite governor's (Sergius Paulus) assent to Saul's propositions. The Jews never much understood irony," &c. (p. 72). If not sure, and in the absence of indications, why is it insinuated?

"St. Luke in Acts, who is for smoothing everything down and minimizing all discord, merely says that 'certain from Jerusalem' came to Antioch and stood up for the necessity of Gentile circumcision. Paul breaks out in very different language. He calls them 'busy-bodies—false brethren secretly introduced—men who sneaked in to spy out their liberty,' &c. . . You would not gather that (the clamour and fury of the debate in Jerusalem) from the Acts. Nothing milder, calmer, and more temperate and judicial than Peter's speech as recorded in Acts xv. 7-12; or James' summing up, 13-21; or the circular letter to Antioch embodying the result, 24-30. But an echo of the angry strife, like the roar of a distant battle, reaches us when we turn to St. Paul's own account of what thus took place" (pp. 82, 83). Would it not have been more candid to have recognized the necessary difference between the judicial record of the historian and the passionate invective of the polemic?

"Peter (at Antioch) withdraws himself and begins to live like a mere Jew (!). Not a trace of this is to be found in the Acts; but again, in Galatians, Paul pours out his grief and indignation at this second check, in the person of Peter, given to the Broad Church movement at Antioch" (p. 85).

"It now requires all Luke's art (Acts xxi.) to give a tolerably harmonious colouring to the situation. Looking back through some thirty or more years upon the events, he could not bear to think of the cruel slight put upon Paul by the elders of the Christian Church at Jerusalem. Things are toned down in the twenty-first chapter even more than in the fifteenth chapter, recounting Paul's previous struggles with the orthodox party" (p. 170). Paul presents the Gentile contributions for the poor saints at Jerusalem. "Not a word; not a 'thank you.' How eagerly would Luke have set it down! But he couldn't; he passes it over in silence. Then Paul, for a moment depressed—surprised

perhaps—a little indignant, reflects, 'They don't care for the money because I bring it; no matter, they look on it as if I were trying to buy the Church's favour like a second Simon Magus' " (!) (p. 171).

It will be seen how largely Mr. Haweis draws upon his imagination for the details of his pictures. Not content with a suggestion of motives founded upon an induction from recorded facts, he imagines processes of thought and the occurrence of incidents. He puts into the lips of Paul, the Rabbis, and other personages of the history, not only paraphrastic expressions of recorded sentiment, but gratuitous creations of imaginary sentiment, just as the novelist analyzes his heroine's thought and passion. These may or may not be true, but again we say they utterly confuse the functions of the historian and of the romance writer. Thus—"Berenice, who was at that time (as in our day—1887—the Princess Alexandra) the favourite model of Greek and Roman painters and sculptors" (p. 225). "Further *trial* at Cæsarea of course there could not be; *conference* there might be—a novel and agreeable sensation for Berenice, a *séance*, half police-court, half drawing-room, combined with the amusement and instruction and a sort of lecture by a learned man and able speaker, and a glamour of exciting religious fanaticism over the whole," &c. (p. 227).

Upon the synopsis of Paul's theological opinions, given in the last chapters, we forbear comment, inasmuch as the author relegates their exposition to a subsequent volume. We remark here only that they are stated according to the interpretation of the advanced Broad Church school to which Mr. Haweis belongs: *e.g.*, the Epistle to the Hebrews has "wrought a disastrous kind of success to Christian theology" in what Mr. Haweis characterizes as "the theology of the shambles."

"The needful bloody sacrifice had to be introduced somehow, if he expected to get a hearing at all in any Jewry throughout the Roman or Greek world, not to speak of Judæa; and Paul, as he almost always did, accepted the situation—even threw himself into it with characteristic zeal and an inconceivable ardour of *ingenuity*" (p. 260). We can say only

that if Paul could in this jaunty manner assent to so gross a compromise of his convictions, he may righteously be left to Mr. Haweis' tender mercies. Jesus Christ, Mr. Haweis tells us, "is dyed with the blood that cleaves to the ceremonial victim of the Jewish shambles. That is now seen to be the truth of the matter" (p. 263). "Christ's death was but a part, and not the most important part, of His work. In his keener moments of insight, Paul saw this" (p. 266).

"To be justified by faith, and not by works, meant to St. Paul that the true servants of God in all ages were made just or right in the sight of God by an inward state of heart, and not by any deeds" (p. 269). Poor Paul! A modern critic at his elbow would have kept him from many perplexing mystifications of thought and of phrase, and would have given him many valuable suggestions.

We should apologize for the length of these quotations. The only possible criticism of a nebulous historical romance like this is to give specimens; and it is a sufficient one.

REV. JONATHAN LEES ON MEDICAL MISSIONS IN CHINA.

[We have received from Mr. Lees the following correction of an error in the report of the first part of our interview with him:

I am sorry to find that you somehow received a wrong impression relative to one incident mentioned in your account of our interview a few weeks ago, and as accuracy in matters of fact is always desirable and sometimes very important, you will perhaps allow me to supply a correction. Unluckily, no Chinese ladies were present at the dinner mentioned on p. 550, though we had both *hoped* and *expected* to meet them. The only and much less satisfactory significance of the occasion was therefore that foreign ladies were invited guests at an official banquet.

So far as I know, the one occasion as yet on which Chinese ladies of rank have received as guests foreigners even of their own sex was during the visit of the late General Grant, when Lady Li invited a number of ladies to meet the wife of the famous ex-President. This

was previous to the dinner in question, and was regarded at the time as a hopeful innovation. Probably we shall have to wait a little longer for the free social intercourse which seems so desirable.

The second part of our interview related entirely to the remarkable work which has been done in connection with the Medical Mission.]

COULD you, just in a few words, tell me the story of that Medical Mission?—The thing took shape, in my mind, twenty-five years ago. Overtures were then made to our people here to add a medical department to the Mission. Difficulties were in the way that could not be overcome, and in order to meet the need to some extent, I succeeded in raising a sum for the purchase of a small property in the city of Tien-Tsin, and in securing a trained dispenser—a man who had been taught in our hospital in Pekin—under Drs. Lockhart and Dudgeon. I became responsible, personally, for all monetary expenses. The thing cost about £100 a year, independent of the original cost of building, &c. We went on for some seven years or more, and I suppose during that period had 120,000 patients—all of them free, and nearly all purely dispensary, patients. We relieved cases not of great importance, all those requiring surgical operations of any moment being declined on account of the inefficiency of the man. We had not the means for it. Meanwhile there seemed to be small hope of any further progress being made. Then came the notification that Dr. Mackenzie wished a change, and in due course he removed to Tien-Tsin. On his arrival we were still crippled. He had of course to change his dialect, which was a small matter, but we were lacking both money and medicines, and were in debt. The place, I should say, had been supported by subscriptions from foreign residents and Chinese. When Dr. Mackenzie arrived there was a debt. We then memorialized the Viceroy, asking him to take the thing under his patronage, making an appeal also home. Our memorial was kindly received, but shelved, the officials being occupied by the

negotiations between Japan and China; there was some dispute at the time. After some months had passed without any answer, and before any reply could come from England, a circumstance in the Viceroy's own family led to the opening of the way. The wife of the Viceroy became seriously ill. She had been attended by a number of Chinese medical men, who had exhausted all their skill upon her, and at last informed the Viceroy that there was no hope except in again going through the list of remedies they had tried. At that time one of the members of the Legation at Peking visited the Viceroy, and found him weary and distraught, having sat up all night by the side of his wife. This gentleman urged him to send for the surgeon to the foreign community, and at last succeeded in getting his consent to his attendance.

After he had left, the Viceroy seems to have bethought him of our memorial, and sent down a messenger to the gentleman through whom it had been presented. This application led in due course, to Dr. Mackenzie's going also. The whole thing I look upon as an answer to prayer. The letter arrived just at the time when we were engaged in consultation and prayer. The doctor went to see the lady with his brother physician, found the case was very serious, and perfectly hopeless, but in the course of a day or two it seemed to yield. But when the acute disease had yielded there remained symptoms the meaning of which, though suspected, could not be known without an examination which the gentlemen could not make. That led to the sending for Miss Howard, a lady connected with one of the American Missionary Societies in Peking, who was practising there as a physician among her own sex. She came, and the examination was made. Matters were found to be as were surmised, prompt remedies were applied, and in due course Lady Li became restored to health. This led to growing intercourse, especially between Dr. Mackenzie and H. E. Li-hung-chang, who showed a growing interest in his work.

Dr. Mackenzie being able to speak Chinese, which the other physician was not, of course was a great advan-

tage. He had from time to time to heal friends of the Viceroy who were brought in. One day as he entered the official residence, he saw a man there with a large tumour. He said to the man, "I will take that off for you if you like." The man assented, and a few days afterwards, in the courtyard of the official residence, this man and another with a smaller tumour were operated upon by the two surgeons in the presence of the Viceroy and forty or fifty of his subordinate officers. If the medical men had had their choice of subjects suited for their purpose best, they could not have had better ones; there being a minimum of risk with a maximum of show. This led to a large influx of the poor in order to seek relief, and necessitated the Viceroy setting apart one of the rooms in the Yamen for the doctor's use. In the course of a few weeks we had thus the extraordinary sight of a foreign missionary dispensary established in the official quarters of the most powerful statesman in China. The Viceroy wishing to mark his gratitude, sent down to Dr. Mackenzie a patent of rank, an appointment as his own medical attendant, and official authority to treat the sick poor, with an intimation that that meant more effectual and permanent help. The other medical man was appointed his personal physician with a retaining fee given to him. A little while after the Viceroy gave effect to his good intentions by setting apart the largest courtyard of one of the principal temples in Tien-Tsin for medical purposes, providing Dr. Mackenzie with suitable help to keep order and so on, and assigning him 200 taels (about £50) a month for the support of the medical work.

This went on for some time. Lady Li made a similar offer to the American lady, Miss Howard, now Mrs. King, and a member of our own mission. A curious circumstance occurred at that time. Mrs. King had no facilities for medical work in Tien-Tsin. Her mission had no buildings for such a purpose as they had in Peking. Just at that time, when the subject was under discussion, and the difficulty was felt, a letter came from a gentleman in America, whose sister had died having left a sum of money to be used for philanthropic purposes, or, it may have been that

the brother wished to devote such a sum in memory of his sister. Singularly enough he had selected Tien-Tsin as one of the fields. He wrote to the mission asking whether there was room for an orphan school; he would be willing to build one. They wrote back immediately to say there was no opening for a school, but there was an opening for a hospital. The reply came as quickly, that if they would build it and equip it thoroughly, he would pay all expenses. It was built and cost about £1,000. Meanwhile we had made renewed representations to the Viceroy that as it was impossible for surgical work to be continued satisfactorily in the temple premises, three miles from our homes, it was absolutely necessary that we should have premises near our own houses for medical purposes. The Viceroy sanctioned the raising of a public subscription. This was in time raised, the result being the erection of a large pile of buildings now used as medical schools, dispensary and wards for in-patients with all the necessary appendages. The medical school was an after-growth when the hospital had been in existence for some time. The fact that the Chinese were gradually acquiring a large ironclad navy, and that both in the army and navy they were utterly without any suitable surgical attendance, and the existence of the hospital affording a very suitable place for the training of such men, led Dr. Mackenzie to draw out and lay before the Viceroy a plan for a medical school. This was assented to, and the work was commenced by securing eight of the hundred students sent a few years ago to America for training, and who passed some years there on their return to China. These formed our first class. That class has graduated and passed out, two of them remaining in the hospital as teachers there, relieving Dr. Mackenzie of some of the drudgery, the others are engaged in the navy and elsewhere where they are likely to be useful. There are now seventeen men in the hospital as students, some half dozen being members of our church in Tien-Tsin. The in-patients' department consists of two or three very large public wards and several small ones, the total accommodating about seventy patients, and is con-

tinuously full of surgical cases, the average period of residence being about a month. The Christian work done among the dispensary patients is necessarily very small, because they just come for their medicine and are both unwilling and not in a condition to be taught, but the in-patients are there long enough for us to get an influence over them, and produce some impression on their minds, and a considerable number have become Christians—a larger number have acquired the elements of Christianity and have carried them with them hundreds of miles. The latest development of this medical work is the erection by Lady Li herself of a second hospital for women during the current year, to be under the management of Mrs. King, whose former work is carried on by ladies connected with the American Methodist Church. Classes for the medical training of Chinese women are part of the scheme.

I suppose the general effect is to awaken sympathy with you and work down prejudice?—Yes, still we strive to get as much direct influence as possible.

Do you think that much is being produced by the direct teaching of the missionaries?—Unquestionably. In Tien Tsin it would be within the mark to say there are hundreds of heads of families who have relinquished idolatry as the result of what they have heard in the mission chapels, but they have not cared to come out. They are intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity, but they are not so convinced of their spiritual need and of the necessity of a vital relation to Christ as to lead them to brave social opinion. The baptisms in connection with our Tien-Tsin mission were, in 1884, 50; in 1885, 74. The first three months of this year I baptized 36; these figures are very significant. There was a number of men who attended the daily services in the city frequently, but were very shy; you could not get into conversation with them, and we found the best policy was to leave them alone. We ultimately discovered that they were the local heads of religious sects. The whole of the North of China is honeycombed with these sects. Some of them have no connection with idolatry and number many thousands. In Tien-Tsin we

have one like our own Good Templars who do not use intoxicants or opium. The curious circumstance about these men was that they attended our chapel in order to get material for their own teaching. One brought us a book which he had compiled. It was a most extraordinary jumble of extracts from our own Scriptures, stories of Christ, and fragments of Buddhistic philosophy, and a little Confucianism and so on. There was a Trinity; for instance, God Himself is one person, Jesus being the second, and the head of the sect the third.

I suppose there is not a dominant religious system?—I should think not. There are in the mind of every Chinaman three great faiths—Confucianism, however, not being, strictly speaking, a faith, but a philosophy. These faiths are mixed up. A man may believe honestly he is a Confucianist, but you meet hundreds of such men, who are simply idolaters of the lowest type and nothing else; but they have a few fragments of Confucianism. The average, taking the nation through, is a compound. A man supposes he is a Confucianist, but you find, on talking with him, he has all sorts of Buddhist notions in his head. Confucianism meets the conscience, Buddhism the craving after the Unseen, and Taoism the love for the magical and supernatural. The one meets his conscience, the other his faith, the other his superstition; the three systems existing in the one man.

Do you think the peculiar composite character of religious faith is a help or a hindrance to you?—I don't think it matters very much. Of course it is an advantage that a man should have an ethical creed, and that it should be as high as possible. It is an advantage, too, that a man should practically acknowledge the Unseen. The special difficulties which arise out of these peculiar systems of the people and their superstitious habits, are as nothing compared with the difficulty arising from the specially materialistic character of the Chinese. They live in and for the present. It is—What shall I eat? what shall I drink? and wherewith shall I be clothed? The difficulty is to get them to realize the spiritual and unseen.

You think the social influences are so great as to test the faith of the converts?—Yes.

There is not much danger of a sham profession?—No, excepting from motives which are operative all the world over; as a rule, I think our converts are sincere.

They have so much of social prejudice to overcome that it is not probable that they would profess themselves Christians unless they had a deep feeling?—True. There are a large number of people who are Christians in belief, but don't profess it.

What is the character of the native Christians?—Some of them I think very highly of indeed; they would compare very favourably with those drawn from similar rank at home. I have been accustomed to compare the work there with the Ragged School work here, but we have men also well-to-do and well-educated come in. We have a number of B.A.'s and M.A.'s members of our church.

Your hopes for China are great?—Certainly.

What are the difficulties?—Largely in the immense mass to be moved, and the smallness of our strength.

Do you find that the intellectual character of the Chinese makes it more easy to get preachers amongst them than in other pagan populations?—It is so in some respects. There is another difficulty. I have spent a very large amount of strength in the training of men, and many of them have done splendid service; but they passed away and are now lost to us. They make effective popular preachers. I have known men I would not hesitate to put into an English pulpit if they could speak English.

How have you lost these men?—In various ways. One or two misconducted themselves, several have gone into trade, finding the income not sufficient for the support of their families. They still retain their Christianity; even those who went wrong have come back to the Church, but they have not been sent out again as preachers. The difficulty is owing to the Chinaman's own character—measuring his neighbour's bushel by his peck. He cannot understand any one doing these things without a personal motive. When I was building our chapel a man came in and looked round

and said, "Beautiful place; so many thousand taels," naming a sum far larger than he knew the building would cost, the presumption in his mind being that I was keeping the balance. It has come into my mind to question whether it is desirable to employ paid native agents, however valuable their help. We want more European missionaries. Our grounds of hope are the breaking down of prejudice and the discontent of the people with idolatry. The hold of idolatry arises from various influences. Subsequent to the great rebellion—the long-haired rebellion—there were waves that continued for some time after the rebellion was put down. After that the officials put down the great festivals for fear of political disturbances. Idolatry is opposed to Confucian ideas. Theoretically it is a breach of the law to hold these festivals; they have been stopped in Tien-Tsin for about twenty years. They have now been re-organized on a gigantic scale. The priests and the under officials collect the money and spend about a third of it, keeping the remainder.

RADICAL UNIONISM.

THE recent Conference of Radical Unionists at Birmingham by widening and, as far as its influence extends, perpetuating the division in the Liberal party, forces upon all who have hitherto occupied a neutral or hesitating position the necessity of determining under what banner they will range themselves. The absence of representative Radicals was one of the most conspicuous features of this Radical conference. Apart from the chairman himself and his immediate associates, for the most part Birmingham men, there was not a Radical politician of any worth. Eminent politicians there were, but they belonged to the more moderate section of the party. Sir Henry James, Lord Lymington, Lord Ebrington, and others of a like type, are no doubt as able as they are conscientious; but they certainly are not the men whom progressive Liberalism would accept as the exponents of its principles and aims.

So with the distinguished statesmen whose letters were as significant and suggestive as the speeches of those who were present. Neither Lord Hartington nor Mr. Bright can be described, nor we suppose would either of them be content to be described, as a Radical. It is not two years since the former was the Rip Van Winkle of the chief of the Radical Unionists, and though he has since then roused himself from his polished nonchalance and given proofs of a dormant enthusiasm whose existence no one suspected, it has not been in the cause of progress that his enthusiasm has been displayed.

Here then is the first peculiarity of Radical Unionism. It finds but little support from Radicals or advanced Liberals outside Birmingham. Whigs bestow their benedictions on it and its leaders, even Tory journalists and speakers regard it with intense satisfaction, and are profuse in their eulogies of its courage and patriotism. But those who ought to be specially interested in it pass it by with indifference, or meet it with positive aversion and hostility. Its friends are those who certainly do not regard with favour the work which Radicalism has set before it, and numbers of whom would see without any regret the continuance of this struggle about Ireland, because it delays the accomplishment of reforms which they view with scarcely less aversion than Home Rule itself. They are content to tolerate the profession of Radicalism from their allies so long as it is only a profession. Even a programme, in which figure such items as the disestablishment of the Church of England, a drastic reform of the Land Laws, free schools, and other articles equally attractive to those who are intent on real progress, would not alarm them, provided that all these are made dependent upon the maintenance of the Unionist policy.

The mistake which not a few Liberals have made—we will not say the trap which has been prepared for them, and into which they have inadvertently fallen—is due to the constant reiteration of the assertion that on one point only have differences arisen, and that on

all others the Liberals who are opposed to the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone may still fight side by side. The representation is so specious that it might deceive the very elect, and the most kind and charitable supposition is that it deceived some of these advanced Liberals themselves. It is hardly to be supposed that they understood that "Unionism" meant not only separation from the Liberal party on Irish policy, but separation on every question until they have succeeded in imposing their own terms as to Ireland upon their former associates. Yet this is what has actually happened, what must continue to happen until this one issue has been decided. There has been a good deal of complaint on this point, and it is natural, so far as it expresses the discontent of those who feel that they have been misled—that is of honest, right-minded Liberals who did not like Home Rule and were determined to resist it, though in doing so they had to withdraw their allegiance from Mr. Gladstone, but who had no idea that by doing this they were committing themselves to the support of the most Tory Government which has held office for a generation, and strengthening its hands for a reactionary policy in England as well as in Ireland. But, however natural the complaint, it is as useless as it is unreasonable. There is no way of preventing the triumph of Mr. Gladstone except by maintaining Lord Salisbury's Ministry in office. In order to do that, his Liberal (?) supporters must carefully eschew the support of any Liberal measure. A majority in favour of any Liberal proposal, even though it were one so innocent as the motion to exempt a solitary day from the Government monopoly of the time of the House for the work of Coercion, in order that the question of Welsh Disestablishment might be discussed, would mean ruin to the "Unionist" cause, and so must be avoided at whatever cost of principle and personal reputation, and at whatever injury to the cause of progress.

The one object of Radical Unionists at present, therefore, is to hinder the success of Radicalism. They are able doubtless to justify this to their own consciences. To im-

peach their integrity would be not only to insult them, but to defeat the very object it was intended to promote. Time has been wasted, angry feeling has been aroused, and for the time the true points of the controversy have been kept out of sight by the wrangling about personal motives which has taken the place of the discussion of great principles. We might have been nearer to a settlement to-day, if, instead of inquiring as to the personal motives by which Mr. Chamberlain might have been influenced, a serious endeavour had been made to understand the actual grounds of his opposition, and meet his objections with solid argument. Suppose that all the allegations against him could be sustained, and that he had been influenced by personal ambition in pursuing a course which could not but be fatal to every ambitious hope he might have cherished, that would not affect in the slightest degree the strength of his contention. So, on the other hand, though he should be proved to be (what we ourselves believe him to be) a high-minded and honourable politician, that does not prove him right in his contention against Home Rule, and in all the strange proceedings (which must have astonished himself as much as anybody else) into which it has led him. There is a far more important question to be considered than the personal consistency of any leader, and that is the possibility of reconciling Unionism with loyalty to the Radical cause. If it can be shown that the two things cannot exist together, many who have separated themselves from the comrades of a lifetime under the belief that the alienation was only temporary and on a single point may be induced to retrace their steps. They have been told that the Dissentients were still agreed with other Liberals on ninety-nine points out of a hundred; but when they find that for the sake of this solitary one they are to aid Tories to defeat the other ninety-nine, they will surely refuse to follow.

There is something to encourage this idea in the secession from the Unionist ranks, shortly, it may be hoped, to be followed by a return to his former position, of so distinguished a man as Sir George Trevelyan. In English

politics there is not a more honourable name. Sir George's political virtue has cost him heavily, and has been but imperfectly appreciated by critics, who are for ever insisting on the lack of independence among our politicians, and then complaining of those who exercise the quality if it be shown on behalf of a cause with which they are not themselves in sympathy. It is the fashion for the journalists, who a short time ago were lauding Sir George Trevelyan to the skies for his manliness in sacrificing his own prospects rather than be unfaithful to his conscience and his country, now to reproach him with a vacillation, which, in the judgment of Mr. Buckle and his *confrères*, is a sign of weakness and incapacity. No charge could be more unfounded.

Sir George Trevelyan is about the last politician who can be fairly described as a trimmer. He has always held his own opinions firmly, and when the question has arisen whether he should sacrifice his convictions or his office, he has never hesitated as to which he should surrender. So far back as the time of the Education controversy he had to make this choice. Though it was a very serious matter for one who had position and reputation to make, to compromise his own future by resigning the office which opened to him the prospect of promotion, he made the sacrifice both of interest and feeling rather than vote for Mr. Forster's celebrated 25th clause. In the present controversy his conduct has been beyond suspicion and reproach, and his political sagacity has been as marked as his high moral principle. He opposed Mr. Gladstone when Mr. Gladstone was still strong, and there was a possibility that he might overcome the difficulties by which he was confronted. He approaches him now in what seems to be a day of weakness. In both cases his conduct has, at all events, the merit of disinterestedness, and is justified by the course of events. He did not like proposals which, in his judgment, were too like a surrender to a party of whose rude violence no man had had a more bitter experience. Unlike the insolent aristocrat who is now Chief Secretary, he threw himself into the work of his office, faced its disagreeables, and braved its perils; was always at his post, whether in

Dublin Castle or in St. Stephen's, and if, as one consequence of his long and harassing conflict, he hesitated to instal his old adversaries in power in an Irish Parliament, he had sufficient excuse for coming to such a conclusion. But he never allowed himself to be so carried away by a fanatical devotion to the Union as to lose sight of everything else in his pursuit of this one object. Throughout the whole of this painful controversy, even when most provoked, he has kept both his head and his temper, and now for the moment occupies a position of comparative isolation.

On that very account his action is all the more suggestive. His Liberalism is beyond suspicion, and it is that Liberalism which now drives him apart from Unionists. Twelve months ago he set forth his objections to Home Rule, and they were sufficiently forcible. But some of them have already been met, and none of them are sufficiently cogent to induce him to make the sacrifices necessary to keep Mr. Gladstone out of power, and finally dispose of his Home Rule proposals. He refuses to be deceived by the specious plea that Mr. Balfour's measure is only a Crimes Bill. No statesman of them all is better qualified to say what is and what is not Coercion, and his distinct assertion that the Bill is Coercion outweighs a hundred denials from men who declaim about Irish crime in the safe enclosures of Westminster, but have never met it in the fierce struggle into which with characteristic courage Sir George Trevelyan threw himself. Like the sound, true Liberal that he is, he refuses to be a party to Coercion. If there is any weight attaching to authority to all, then the opinion of Sir George Trevelyan is a very strong support to our contention that Radical Unionism attempts the combination of two elements which are mutually destructive, and that the more a politician comes under the influence of "Unionism" the further does he drift from genuine Liberalism.

The story of the last twelve months is sufficient to corroborate this. It is necessary always to distinguish between Whig and Radical Unionists. It is true they are in the same confederacy, and Mr. Chamberlain is proud to be

acknowledged as the lieutenant of Lord Hartington. But nevertheless there are two separate sections of the party and their views are on many points widely divergent. Lord Hartington himself has never shrunk from advocating even extreme measures of repression up to the exclusion of the Irish Nationalists from Parliament, and there is nothing inconsistent with his former professions in his present attitude except his support of Lord Salisbury's Government. However he may succeed in deceiving himself, no sophistry can get rid of the fact that he appealed as a Liberal to a Liberal constituency, and as such was elected. In any other character he, despite his illustrious name, would have had no chance of being chosen to represent Rossendale. The majority of the Liberals who supported him believed that they were voting for one who would be faithful to the party with which he has hitherto been identified, though compelled to oppose Mr. Gladstone on one particular question. Had he in any of his addresses to the electors frankly said, "I have an understanding with Lord Salisbury, and am prepared to uphold a Tory Government even by voting against Liberal measures which I approve and under other circumstances would support by speech and vote—in truth, rather than yield a point to my old leader and friend, I will aid in repressing the liberty of Ireland and in delaying reforms in England"—does any man who knows anything of the electors believe that he would at this hour be representing one of the most Radical constituencies in the country? Lord Hartington's name counts for much in Lancashire, but it does not count for so much as that. This new conception of a Liberalism whose primary duty is to preserve a Tory Government, and is so occupied with that that it has no time to attend to anything beside, is not likely long to commend itself to the democracy of England.

Lord Hartington is the representative of that moderate wing of the Liberal party whose characteristics were so vividly sketched by Lord Rosebery. The extreme wing, he told his audience, finds the ideas of the party; we might add, it has found also its courage, its energy, its

daring. The other, the less extreme wing, "from its high character, its great ability, and its great administrative experience is," his lordship tells us, "an incalculable and invaluable portion of that party." His lordship knows that of which he speaks, and it is therefore all the more significant that he does not attempt to describe the special service which this wing has rendered. Possibly it has been more ornamental than useful. It has doubtless had "great administrative experience," for it has taken care to monopolize the great official posts. But the recent revelations as to the condition of the departments leave it extremely doubtful whether a large administrative experience is a point on which any party or section of a party has reason to boast. Still we have no desire to underrate the "incalculable and invaluable" wing of Liberalism. Its function is to check advances which are never too rapid, and it is not surprising therefore that many of its members should throw themselves into "Unionism." Unionism may really be a vital part of Whiggism. The *raison d'être* of the Whig of these days is to hold back his more Liberal allies, and probably he could not do it more effectually than by making the utmost of an obstacle which, if it can only be kept in the path of progress, may postpone, until the fervour of the new democracy has worn itself out, all those democratic reforms which so many Whigs hate in their secret heart.

But what about the men who find the ideas and whose ideas are essentially Radical? Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain are in the same camp. They take sweet counsel together, and though his lordship generally has another engagement whenever Mr. Chamberlain is to be specially honoured, there is no doubt they are firm-and-fast allies. Lord Hartington, indeed, is the one who profits by the union which has converted a rival, who at one time was so popular that he had thrown his aristocratic colleague into the shade, into a zealous and useful lieutenant. The question, however, will sometimes occur as to how these former opponents have adjusted their differences. Has Mr. Chamberlain been converted to the easy-going optimism of Rip

Van Winkle, or has his lordship accepted the doctrine of ransom, and is he prepared to help Mr. Jesse Collings by giving some of his wide-spreading acres to realize his dream or illusion of three acres and a cow? If the former, in that change alone would be a sufficient evidence of the tendencies of "Unionism." It may be, however, Lord Hartington does not disturb himself about the theories of his illustrious confederate while he has the pleasant and, as we hold, the perfectly reasonable assurance that nothing can be done to translate them into practical legislation so long as the burning desire of the Radical Unionist is to baffle Mr. Gladstone and put the Irish nation down.

Mr. Chamberlain's successive speeches, indeed, ought to satisfy his present leader, or any one else who would see his old Radicalism so emasculated as to be without its old ring. Each speech marks a fresh step in retreat, and suggests that the speaker's one desire is to purge himself of the Radical taint and to adopt a dialect and tone of thought suited to his new relations. There has been a good deal of unnecessary and to some extent unreasonable indignation against some points in these speeches. No doubt their criticism has been very bitter, but it is foolish to be angry on that account. Happy he who in a controversy so fierce has said nothing which he himself regrets or which impartial men would condemn. It is not the bitterness of Mr. Chamberlain's criticisms which lays him most open to attack. A man who thinks himself unjustly assailed is not to be severely condemned even if his reprisals are in excess of the original offence. If Mr. Chamberlain has shown himself too sensitive, and has been too keen in his retorts, it is not wise for his opponents to be severe on errors from which he himself will ultimately be the greatest sufferer. Not the less do they tell against him. When, in reply to the taunt that he, Radical of Radicals, had become the associate of Tories, he boasted that at all events he was the associate of English gentlemen, he made just the kind of mistake which is sure to be long remembered against him, and not without some reason. For it indicates how far the spirit of the man is changed. What

these English gentlemen are to-day, that they were two or three years ago. There is no indication that they have any keener recognition of the principle that property has its duties as well as its rights. They have shown no disposition to surrender any of those unjust class privileges which they have so long enjoyed, and which Mr. Chamberlain has so often and so eloquently assailed. Their action in the matter of Irish policy, especially that of the minister who is mainly responsible for it, reveals a spirit which would not have been out of place in the worst days of Castle-reagh. Yet the author of the oft-quoted reproach upon those who toil not neither do they spin is now proud to act with them as English gentlemen. Is it surprising that outside observers suspect that a change has come over the spirit of Mr. Chamberlain's dreams?

Toryism is Toryism still, as a hundred signs indicate. How is it that Mr. Chamberlain shows such a *tendresse* towards that which he once so eloquently denounced? It is hard even now to believe that he has really abandoned the old Radical creed with which his name was so honourably identified. But the influence of Unionism upon his tone is absolutely unmistakable, and never has it been more apparent than in his late speech at the recent dinner of the Liberal Union. His speech was evidently intended as a reply to Mr. Gladstone's overtures at Swansea. Some of his friends have resented the omission of his name from Mr. Gladstone's speech, but in doing so they seem to forget that Mr. Chamberlain himself has ostentatiously put Lord Hartington as his leader. He has therefore no right to complain if his own view be accepted by Mr. Gladstone. But the question at issue is far too important to be treated as a matter of personal feeling. The one thing the country wants to know is how far Mr. Gladstone has provided a mode of reconciliation, and in this respect the speech is eminently satisfactory. If there were any real desire for re-union Mr. Chamberlain, even on his own showing, should have met Mr. Gladstone's suggestion in a spirit of reciprocal fairness. The Unionists have, according to him, knocked the bottom

out of the two obnoxious bills. Surely the natural conclusion would be that the division of which they were the cause should end with them. The only point on which Mr. Chamberlain professes to be still dissatisfied is that of Ulster, and this is in truth an eccentric idea for which it is difficult to account, and which it is extremely hard to regard as serious. But giving that even more than the importance which it deserves, it ought not to stand in the way of a negotiation between Liberals who are agreed upon the general principle. Strange to say, however, the prospect of any settlement seems to have become more distant than ever. The removal of one difficulty has only served to bring another and more serious one more distinctly into view, so that to hope further for the adjustment of differences would be sheer infatuation.

Mr. Chamberlain objects now to surrender to the Irish party, and Mr. Parnell's acceptance of any proposition would seem to him a sufficient reason for its rejection. If this be pressed to its legitimate issue, the conclusion is that the only policy for Ireland is a policy of repression. Mr. Chamberlain says, "For my part, if reunion with the majority involves the acceptance of the Parnellite yoke, I would prefer to keep my neck free." Were this mere bunkum it might be passed over with an expression of regret that a man formed for something far nobler should stoop to such poor clap-trap. Even if it were nothing worse than an insult to old colleagues and friends, who are as unlikely to bow their neck to any "Parnellite yoke" as he is himself, it might still be treated as an outburst of anger which those who can rise above the passions of the hour may find it easy to condone. But it is a declaration of policy; and if it means anything, it means that no attempt should be made to satisfy the leaders of the Irish people. The policy is put in a form intentionally offensive, but it is not necessary to quarrel about the language. It is the principle only with which Liberals need concern themselves, and it is not too much to say that it is utterly irreconcilable with the fundamental idea of Liberalism.

If this be Unionism, Unionism means the absolute subjugation

tion of Ireland to the uncovenanted mercies of Tory secretaries and Orange landlords. That Mr. Parnell represents an overwhelming majority of the Irish people will be questioned only by those who conveniently manage to believe only what is agreeable to their own prejudices and tastes. If it be doubted, however, it is easy to put it to the test. Let Parliament be dissolved, and all necessary care taken to secure a perfectly free election, and it will then be seen whether or not Mr. Parnell retains his hold upon the confidence of his fellow-countrymen. No sane man can doubt what the result would be. But if the Union be a reality some regard should be paid to the views of the chief representatives of Irish opinion. Great Britain, of course, can impose her will on the smaller island, and the feebler people, but that is oppression, not union. True "Unionism" demands that the wishes of the Irish nation should be considered so far as is compatible with the maintenance of the empire; but, to take them into account is, according to Mr. Chamberlain, to submit to the Parnellite yoke. If this be his settled determination there is no course open to earnest Liberals but to fight the battle out to its bitter end. That the view he expresses should commend itself to the Whig lordlings, who at present are his associates and flatterers, is not wonderful, albeit it is a wide departure from the principles of which the Whig party was proud, in the days when the country was proud of Whig leaders. That it should be accepted by Mr. Chamberlain is a bitter disappointment to those who once looked to him as the leader of the army of progress in the coming future.

Unfortunately the rest of this speech is in complete harmony with this view of Irish policy. He gives a programme of the reforms which need to be carried, but it is remarkable chiefly for its omissions. Neither Free Church, nor Free School, nor Free Land has a place on this platform on which the new party is to take its stand. It is not necessary to discuss either the proposals themselves or the prospects of the new organization which is to be created for the purpose of giving them effect. What it is necessary to accentuate is that the separation has been made more

definite and complete by Mr. Chamberlain himself. Of course he regards himself as the apostle of orthodox Liberalism, and treats as heretics all who do not agree with him. The entire Radical party, except his Birmingham friends; a few eccentrics who are never happy except they are in a very small minority; and others, like Mr. Caine, whose position is, doubtless, intelligible to themselves but an incomprehensible mystery to everybody besides, have gone astray, and unless they return to him will rush into even worse disasters than have already overtaken them. Such prophecies need not disturb any mind. All that they mean is that Mr. Chamberlain's Radicalism of to-day is not that of the great majority who have been accustomed to follow him, and it may be added is not the Radicalism of which he himself was the exponent even as recently as twelve months ago. If, indeed, any one is anxious to mark the drift of the Unionist current he cannot do it better than by comparing Mr. Chamberlain as he was with Mr. Chamberlain as he is. He says even now that the instincts of the people throughout these discussions have been true and just, and "if some of them have mistaken the position it is because they have been led away by feelings which do them honour, by gratitude for past and exemplary services, by sympathy for suffering, and by hatred of oppression." This is a frank admission, all the more honourable because the instincts of the people outside Birmingham have been distinctly hostile to Mr. Chamberlain himself. His latest utterance will certainly convince them that these instincts have been sound. His expressions of satisfaction with Lord Randolph Churchill and his Dartford programme; his hopeful utterance in relation to the Toriest of Tory Governments; his identification of himself with men who, to say the least, have their sympathies with the classes rather than with the masses, will certainly not secure for him the allegiance of the English democracy. It is to the people that the appeal must be made, and Mr. Chamberlain has done a valuable service which, perhaps, he did not intend, by making it more clear, that, in the ultimate result, Unionism must strangle Radicalism. Lord Randolph

Churchill has deepened this impression by telling us in effect that in Mr. Chamberlain himself the work has already been done. It may be hoped that Mr. Chamberlain has not gone so far as his lordship supposes, but these interchanges of compliment awaken the reasonable suspicions of true Liberals everywhere. As to the future there need not be any undue anxiety. The triumph of a great principle may be postponed, but it is not on that account the less certain. Neither Lord Hartington nor Mr. Chamberlain made the Liberal Party, and the withdrawal of their lead will not be its overthrow. It has long been foreseen that the time would probably come when Lord Hartington might probably shrink from further advance; but the hopes of the people had turned to Mr. Chamberlain as the leader of the future advance. Those hopes have been disappointed, but the advance will nevertheless take place.

We shall march prospering, not through his presence ;

Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre ;

Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,

Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.

It may be that, despite the unpromising appearances of the present, that a time of reconciliation may come. Every day the probabilities become less, but it is still possible, but there is one way in which it will never come. The Liberal party have undertaken the work of doing justice to Ireland, and they will not turn back until their task is accomplished. They could not if they would, they would not if they could.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In one of those letters of complaint or grumbling or friendly advice, which from time to time appear in our religious newspapers, and which may be of use if they are kept free from faction, malice, and uncharitableness, there was a suggestion that the churches should sometimes appoint

working men as deacons. The idea did not strike us as original or revolutionary. There are numbers of churches which have such deacons already, and would be very badly off if they had not. In most of the churches with which we have ourselves been connected there have been deacons of the working class, and they were among the very best I have ever known. In the days of my boyhood there was a deacon of my father's Church, a plain, true-hearted, earnest collier, who bore the traces of the hard toil of weary years, but whose godly simplicity of character commanded the respect of all who were capable of appreciating true nobility. I knew how my father valued him, and how the Church was influenced for good by him. One of my own wisest friends and counsellors in my first pastorate, when, like most others, I most needed advice, and was most unconscious of the want, was a simple-minded working man. At a later period I had the pleasure of being surrounded by what, from the social standpoint, might be regarded as a model diaconate, as it included men of all classes. In it were the leading manufacturers of the district, and by their side sat workmen from the mills, and the latter received quite as much deference as the former. One of these, a man who had raised himself to the position of manager, but who still belonged to the operative class, was an ideal deacon. A truer friend, a wiser counsellor, a more loyal and faithful fellow-worker, no minister could have desired. He has long since gone to his rest, but he lives in my memory, and my heart. He made it his business to maintain happy relations between the different members of the Church (a task of some delicacy at times when labour disputes arose), and to knit the bonds of unity between the Church and the pastor. My own experience leads me to say that there could hardly be any mistake greater than the exclusion of working men from the diaconate, and that would be their introduction simply because they are working men. Men should be selected to the office because of their personal qualities, and not because of their social status. The principle, doubtless, needs to be emphasized, especially where there is any

danger of attaching importance to social or pecuniary qualifications. The men our churches choose for deacons should primarily be men of approved piety, loyal to the Church and its principles, sound in judgment, abundant in good works, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The Church which should refuse to elect a man with such qualifications simply because he was a working man would be false to the true principles of Congregationalism.

That Congregationalists are ready to honour men of this stamp is shown by the fact that a working man, Mr. Henry Lucas, is the present Chairman of the Worcestershire Association. The following note in relation to him and his address, from that fine specimen of the best type of our old English Nonconformity, Mr. Rowley Hill, is not only interesting in itself, but shows how ready are men of the highest standing amongst us to acknowledge such noble services as Mr. Lucas has rendered.

He is a man of considerable intellectual power, as well as a devoted and earnest Christian worker. The Church at Netherton is composed entirely of working men. It was originated a quarter of a century ago by the Dudley Church, and for some years was sustained by them as a mission station. It became self-sustaining when the Church at Dudley had unhappily so declined as to be unable to render them any help. They have never had a pastor, but Mr. Lucas has been practically their bishop, aided by neighbouring ministers. A chapel had been built, but owing to mining operations it began to sink into the earth, the walls were largely cracked, and the building was unsafe. They built a schoolroom adjoining, and raised the funds in a way not usually adopted. They had weekly meetings, to which all sent, or brought, what contributions they could, and they gave willingly, some of them (like the widow in Gospels) giving all their living. Mr. Lucas told me that one evening a man sent half a sovereign by his daughter. Mr. Lucas knew that at that time his family were short of food, and sent the money back, telling the man that his first duty was to feed his children. This shows the spirit of self-sacrifice which animated the people, and this man in better times has cheerfully resumed his contributions. I was there when the schoolroom was nearly completed, and they intended to commence using it on the next Lord's Day. On my remarking that it would be scarcely ready, Mr. Lucas said that some of the people came and worked at night, after work,

and that he and a friend would put in the gas-fittings. Outsiders came to their help to enlarge these schools so as to hold services in them in place of the dangerous and ruined chapel. Since then they have added a set of class-rooms, very nicely fitted and furnished. I was recently admiring them, and Mr. Lucas told me that the wood-work was all erected, painted, and varnished by members of the Church after the day's work was done. They could not give money, but would, and did, give labour. These schools are now too small for the worshipping congregations, and they have just commenced building a new chapel, of which I had the honour of laying the foundation-stone; and Mr. Hingley, M.P., re-laid a foundation-stone out of the ruined chapel which his father had laid a quarter of a century ago. Surely such a man, and such a devoted and self-sacrificing people, deserve hearty encouragement by our wealthy friends. It has not been my lot to meet with so remarkable a man as Mr. Henry Lucas. He unites great power with most retiring modesty.

The address which Mr. Lucas gave at the Association Meeting on aggressive Christianity supplies abundant proof of the truth of Mr. Hill's estimate. We could make many extracts, but we must content ourselves with one. Of course Mr. Lucas is an eminently practical man, and in speaking of aggressive Christianity he speaks as one who has had large personal experience. He says :

The most successful minister among the masses I know is a *moderately* good preacher. The chapel is a large one. Speaking to a Spring Hill student about this man and his work, I said, "Have you heard Mr. — ?"—"Yes, several times."—"How do you account for his success?"—"I cannot account for it. Very plain, nothing particular in his sermons." I asked the same question of another student. Similar replies. A few weeks after a friend of mine said, "I walked through two or three streets with Mr. — to-day. Why, he seems to know every other person he meets, men with tall hats and gloves, men with aprons tucked up and paper caps, factory girls and errand boys, he smiled, and how glad they seemed to catch his eye, and I shall not soon forget his parting words." If you want a seat at his church, go early. At the door of his church you will find the most polite men of his church to welcome you. Service is plain, but hearty. Listen to the announcements, plenty of work all the week, plenty of workers. Do the working men want an adviser?—that's the man. Is there a strike?—here is a mediator. Hard work does not appear to hurt him; and why should it? It is, as a rule, not hard work, but hard study and worry that kills.

Convocation has been engaged in the interesting work of preparing a kind of supplement to the Church Catechism, the principal object of which is to instruct the children in Church principles. What Convocation understands by Church principles it is hardly necessary for us to explain. Practically they assert that the Anglican Church is the only true representative of the Church of Christ in the nation. The questions proposed, and the discussion upon them, may be considered at a future time, and at greater length than we can give them here. The object in the present reference is to express gratitude to the men who nobly vindicated a more catholic view in opposition to the narrow ecclesiasticism of Canon Gregory and the Dean of Lincoln. The Dean of Llandaff, Archdeacon Brown, Archdeacon Farrar, and the Dean of Windsor were conspicuous for the Christian manliness with which they maintained a position certainly unpopular with the Lower House. Of course they were outvoted, but they certainly proved themselves the best friends of the Church of England. In the conflict which we as Nonconformists have to maintain, we shall be helped, not injured, by the arrogant and uncatholic pretensions of a school which is as far out of touch with the general tolerance of the age as it is opposed to the spirit and teachings of the New Testament.

Mr. Gladstone's visit to South Wales has been the event of the month. The great statesman surpassed himself in the magnificence of his eloquence as much as the demonstration of popular enthusiasm exceeded all its predecessors even in Scotland in numbers and excitement. The heart of the Principality was stirred to its very depths, and the petty feeling shown in the action of some Unionists at Cardiff and Gloucester only helped to make the manifestation of the general feeling more conspicuous and striking by showing that there was no lack of willingness to wound provided there had been the power. It is to be regretted that among all the high qualities which it finds in itself, and which it is never weary of admiring, it fails so egregiously

in courtesy. There was no need for the dissentients to take any action, and as the illustrious visitor, against whom they thought it necessary to protest, had so recently been their honoured chief, they might surely have preserved silence. Everybody knew that there were dissentients both in Cardiff and Gloucester; and as there was nothing original in their criticisms, and as the names attached to them were certainly not distinguished, the reason for their proceedings is not very obvious. It suited *The Times* to pat them on the back, but that is scarcely an honour which any true Liberal would covet. If there was any idea of breaking the force of the popular verdict it was a miserable failure. Of course the political quidnunes, the loungers at the clubs, the young Tory squires and lordlings, who set the example of bad manners in the House of Commons, and then complain of the Irishmen whom they have provoked to rude reprisals, and, we fear we must add also, not a few so-called Liberals, will pooh-pooh these expressions of popular feeling. There are even Liberal chiefs who, like the Pharisees of old, would say "This people which knoweth not the law is accursed." But the unbiassed opinion of plain men who have not been corrupted by the sophistries of party, or misled by the suggestions of envy, is infinitely more trustworthy than the judgments of men whose minds are poisoned by the atmosphere of suspicion and calumny in which they live and move and have their being. Society is possessed with a hatred of Mr. Gladstone with which it has sought to permeate the country. But as soon as we get beyond the circle of its influence the greatness of the man compels admiration. An intelligent American—a learned professor—said to me recently, "We Americans cannot understand the way in which you English people treat Mr. Gladstone. If he would only visit America, we would give him a welcome which would surprise you." It is not in America only, but in every free country, men, who are in sympathy with Liberalism and progress, wonder how it is that so many English Liberals seem to have forgotten what they owe to their noble leader, and have been carried away by the evil cant of the hour. Happily there is a

resurrection of reputations as well as of men, and the day will certainly come when the passionate and emphatic judgment of Wales will be endorsed by the verdict of history.

Lord Hartington's reply to Mr. Gladstone was given in his speech at Manchester, and it was one which abundantly confirms the opinions of those who, like ourselves, have long regarded his Lordship as irreconcilable, and been unable to understand the deference and consideration shown to him. When the proper time comes, and, if we interpret his words aright, that will not be until the Irish have been coerced into submission, he will not object to meet Mr. Gladstone, but even then the Conservative chiefs must be called into council, and the settlement of the Irish question must be of a similar kind to that of the last Reform Bill. Thank you for nothing, my lord! And yet it is not for nothing after all. Lord Hartington has not contributed to the Liberal re-union, but he has revealed himself. He will do nothing to disturb the Tory Government or (for this is the real meaning of the whole) to reinstate Mr. Gladstone in power. What profit can there be in further talk about reconciliation? One thing, however, must be said. These Dissident chiefs seem to anticipate a day when there will again be a great united Liberal party, and (though they do not express the hope) when they will be at its head. But may they not be reckoning without their host—that is, without the rank and file of a party whom they are goading to frenzy? Do they suppose that the indignity put upon a chief whose principal offence is his transcendent greatness, and the humiliation inflicted upon Liberalism, will be easily forgotten? They taunt us with a servility of allegiance to our chief; they reproach us as though we had neither brains nor principle; they take up and endorse the worst reproaches of an insolent Tory press against us. Can they expect that in return for all their scoffing, and what is worse than scoffing, their hindrance of all reform, we shall approach them, and with “bated breath and whispering humbleness” beseech them to be our chiefs?

The retirement of Mr. Lucy from the editorship of *The Daily News* is an incident of considerable importance, or would be, if there was any prospect that his successor would infuse new energy and force into the journal. How far this is probable, is a point on which it would be extremely rash to pronounce an opinion, unless we had more certain knowledge both as to the exact position of the editor and of the spirit and qualifications of the gentleman who is to fill that responsible place. The paper has been lacking in courage and decision, but it does not follow that the fault was with Mr. Lucy, or that we are to have an editor who can, and will, supply these deficiencies. To Non-conformists this is a matter of no little concern. *The Daily News* is regarded, and not untruly, as the paper which they patronize, and which is supposed to represent their views. To a certain extent this is true; that is, we incline to it rather than *The Times*, or *The Standard*, or *The Telegraph*. But in many respects it is by no means to our mind. Dr. Schneider, who shows the characteristic ignorance of foreigners on such points, says:

This paper was, and still is, the organ of the Liberal-Protestant, would-be religious part of the community, the organ of the Dissenters and their ministers, who are fishing for the livings of the State Church, and cling to the coat tails of the disestablisher, Mr. Gladstone. What would the pious people of *The Daily News* say, laughed Labouchere, if they knew that their paper belonged to the Jew Henry Oppenheim and to the Atheist Henry Labouchere?

It is to be hoped that Dr. Schneider knows more about *The Daily News* than he does about Dissenters. Otherwise his remarks do not deserve attention. We are as little troubled about the ownership of *The Daily News* as about the loaves and fishes of the Church of England. What does concern us is the character of the journal itself. If it worthily filled its proper sphere in journalism, we should never inquire as to who the owners were. Our complaint is that it fails in this very point, but whether that be owing to the owner, the manager, or the editor, is a question which we have no competence to answer.

June 21, 1887, is a day long to be remembered, not because of the grandeur of the spectacle presented in the metropolis, and especially at Westminster Abbey, but rather because of the spontaneous manifestations of loyalty in all parts of the kingdom, and indeed throughout our extended Empire. The English people everywhere have shown their sense of the blessings they have enjoyed for fifty years under a rule so eminently constitutional. Such a manifestation of feeling could not have been manufactured to order and, if truth must be told, there has been not a little in the official conduct of the affair to repress rather than encourage enthusiasm. But the true sentiment of the nation was too deep, too real, and too earnest to be affected by the selfishness which sought to make party capital out of a great national celebration. The Queen undoubtedly reigns over the hearts of her people, and reigns, not in virtue of hereditary descent only, but of the many graces and virtues which centre in her. Liberals may sometimes have regretted that her personal predilections for statesmen whom they distrust have been so openly displayed, and papers like *Truth* have done their utmost to foster this feeling. But it needs only a little reflection to show that the complaint is a trifle unreasonable so long as the Queen is, as she always has been, faithful to the obligations imposed by the Constitution. It is to her honour that she has always respected the wishes of the nation, and the people, recognizing this, have given her their loyal trust. In this Jubilee time they are saying what Tennyson in 1851 hoped that children of our children might say,

She wrought her people lasting good ;
Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed,
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

It is unfortunate that the Ministers who happen to be in office at this critical time represent the party which has opposed all that has made the reign illustrious, and still more unfortunate that they have not risen to the dignity

of the occasion. Had they done so they would have sought to have kept this year as free as possible from intestine strife. They have, on the contrary, chosen to associate it with a struggle which has embittered the relations between two parts of that great Empire over which the Queen rules. The absence of the great majority of the representatives of the Irish people was the one painful feature in a festival which but for this would have been an exhibition of imperial unity such as has rarely been witnessed. To those who think that the one business of Parliament at present is to keep Ireland down, this may be a very trivial point, but it mars the splendour of the unique spectacle which would otherwise have been presented to the world. The Ministry, however, do not seem to have realized this, and though it might be too harsh a judgment to say that they looked at the whole subject of the Jubilee in the spirit of Tory politicians rather than of great English statesmen, there is not a little to warrant such a view. Their roll of Jubilee honours is simply contemptible, and is felt to be such even by their own friends. It is announced that Lord Hartington has been consulted, but if he has recommended those of his associates whom he regards as deserving of honour, his list of friends can neither be long nor illustrious. It was, perhaps, too much to expect that even on so grand an occasion party would be forgotten, and the opportunity taken for doing honour to men whom the whole nation would have pronounced worthy of honour. But if it was too much to expect that even Liberals might have been included in the official list, we might reasonably have expected that it would be confined to Tory celebrities. As it is, we have a multitude of Tory or Unionist nobodies. All the world is asking "who's who?" and if many of the recipients are not themselves surprised at the distinctions conferred upon them they are the only people who are not.

Even the prayers provided for the service have not wholly escaped from this taint of party feeling. So long as a State Church exists, we suppose we must be prepared

to expect such expressions as we find in the introduction to the Collect immediately following the Anthem: "Blessed Lord, the Prince of the kings of the earth, who callest Christian princes to defend Thy faith, and maintain Thy spiritual kingdom;" but we doubt both the wisdom and the good taste of their employment in such a service. The Collect which follows is even more open to objection, "O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace; give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great danger we are in by our unhappy divisions." What are the unhappy divisions to which allusion is made? Are they in Church or in State? If in the former, are they those which separate Churchmen from Nonconformists, or those which exist in the Church itself. Whatever answer be given, what connection have they with the Jubilee of the Sovereign, that they should thus be introduced into the prayers offered on this deeply interesting occasion. *The Spectator* seems to think that the reference was to Ireland, and very probably it is right; but if so, the reference on such an occasion is even more open to exception. In short, the one impressive feature in the scene at the Abbey was the spontaneous and beautifully natural action of the Queen that touched every heart, and suggested the thought that probably it would be better for the country if the truest and best impulses of the Queen's noble heart had more influence on her Government.

THE HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND.*

MR. DOYLE has devoted two large volumes to the telling of a story which must ever have profound interest for all who are alive to the true grandeur of the English race, and especially for all English Nonconformists. New England

* *The English in America. The Puritan Colonies.* By J. A. DOYLE, M.A. 2 Vols. (Longman, Green and Co.) *The Making of New England.* By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

has done so much to shape the character and policy of that great Republic in which the true glory of the old country is perpetuated, that an undying interest must belong to the early struggles and sufferings of the men by whom the great Puritan States were founded. Mr. Drake, in the preface to his interesting little sketch, says very truly :

The story is like that of a child learning to walk. At first feeble and tottering, the stripling at length grows bold and vigorous, and his step assured as that of manhood. But the child was father to the man. The little seed which the Pilgrim Fathers planted in misgiving and nursed in fear has increased and borne fruit on the shores of the Pacific, and the parent tree still puts forth its blossoms no less vigorously than of old.

In order to do justice to the subject, the writer must not only appreciate this feature in the story, but he must have some degree of sympathy with the principles and aims of the men who were the leaders in this memorable movement. Mr. Doyle says with some truth that the work of the historian is very much hindered by the exaggerated and enthusiastic style in which the original records are penned. The materials are abundant, but their value is diminished by "the provincial habit of exaggeration, invariably found in a young community, which led the Puritan colonist to see a Latimer or a Calvin in the occupant of every village pulpit." "We are reading," says Mr. Doyle, "not a history but a hagiology," but, after all, was it not to a very large extent a true hagiology? However obscure the pulpits which these men occupied, and however unworthy they may have been to rank with men like Calvin, were they not in very truth saints? For the sake of Christ and His Church they, Englishmen, proud of their country, and glowing with a passionate love for it, had forsaken their native land, had made their way to an unknown and inhospitable shore, had endured privations and sufferings sufficient to daunt the spirit even of the most resolute man. Doubtless they sometimes fell into great errors, and committed what might be regarded even as political crimes, if they were to be judged by the standard of to-day; but were not men who made such sacrifices that they might find

freedom to worship God really saints of God? It is not too much to say of them in the language of that great chronicle of saintly heroism, "they, through faith, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." There must be some glow of enthusiastic sympathy with the men and their work, or their story can never be properly told.

It is just this which is lacking in Mr. Doyle's elaborate, possibly too elaborate, volumes. He has spared no effort to make his work complete, and has gathered together a large amount of valuable information. His defect lies in a certain lack of spiritual sympathy. In no sense can he be described as a partizan. His judgments, especially on great English questions, are marked by a somewhat unusual degree of fairness and insight. Thus, in speaking of the Independents in England in their relation to the Puritans, he shows none of that prejudice against the former which is too common. Speaking of Robert Brown:

Whatever the man may have been, his work⁷ marks an epoch in English history. It is the first formal assertion of that doctrine which has ever since formed the quickening principle of English dissent. It definitely sets forth the claims of the congregation, bound together by common faith and worship, to be a self-governing body complete in itself. That is to say, it revived those doctrines of Zwingli which had been discredited by the outrages of the Anabaptists, and crushed by the rigid organization of the Calvinistic system. To us, who see how readily English Nonconformity adapted itself to the system set forth by Brown, it seems difficult to believe that his teaching met with bitter hostility from those who might be regarded as the recognized and authoritative exponents of Puritanism . . . Moreover, the English Puritan, if he clung to Presbyterianism in theory, was almost compelled to adopt Congregationalism in practice. Indeed, it might be almost said that the policy of Whitgift made Presbyterians into Brownists against their will. Isolation was a needful consequence of secrecy and weakness. The so-called presbytery at Wandsworth must have been, for all practical purposes, an Independent congregation.

The writer has evidently studied our Church history in a thoughtful spirit, and writes with an anxiety to be impartial; but this is quite compatible with a failure to

appreciate the exact standpoint of those of whom he writes, and to do full justice to their work. In many of his criticisms upon the Puritanism of New England we agree. To some extent the change to America was, as he says, for the better, but in others unquestionably for the worst. We fear it is only too true that Calvinism in America ever tended to become more a system of ecclesiastical discipline, less a fountain of spiritual truth. That it was narrow and harsh both in its temper and in its teaching; that in some points it sought to bring life under too rigid a rule; and, above all, that it exhibited towards others the very intolerance against which it was itself intended to be a protest, is not to be denied. The tale of the persecutions in New England is sufficiently melancholy, but even those who are least disposed to apologize for the injustice and cruelty with which men, who had themselves fled from persecution, persecuted others who had dissented from themselves, may at all events put in some pleas in extenuation. These men had left their country for the purpose of establishing a colony after their own mind, and they were possessed by the idea that they had the right to prevent the intrusion into their new State of those whom they regarded as false teachers, whose influence would destroy the unity of a commonwealth which in the first instance had in it much of the family character. Far be it from us to say a word in justification of intolerance or bigotry anywhere. The attempts to repress heresy in the new State, the persecution of the Baptists and the Quakers, the martyrdom of Mrs. Hutchinson, "a clever, impetuous, indiscreet woman," who no doubt was a sufficiently combative and troublesome person, but who had high personal qualities which ought to have commanded the admiration even of her enemies, and who certainly had done nothing worthy of death or of bonds; and last, but not least, the action taken against Roger Williams, are features in the story of the New England colonists over which we should be glad to draw the veil of oblivion. We make no apology for them, and indeed are somewhat sick of many pleas urged on their behalf. They were not worse than men of their time, but their principles ought to have

made them better. That is the head and front of their offending, and grievously are they answering it. But Mr. Doyle goes further than he is warranted when he says—

that to speak of the Puritan, whether in England or America, as the champion of religious freedom is the proof of ignorance or worse. His creed on the matter was as simple as that of Saint Lewis or Torquemada. He had possession of the truth, and it was his bounden duty by whatever means to promote the extension of that truth, and to restrain and extirpate error. In this he in no wise fell short of the moral standard of his age. Here and there, indeed, might be found either a man of exceptional wisdom and liberality, such as L'Hôpital or Bacon, or a sceptical statesman like Henry of Navarre or Baltimore, who seemed in some measure to anticipate the more enlightened doctrine of a later day. But it is no reproach to men that they neither rose above the wisdom of their own generation nor fell short of its enthusiasm, and that they were not among the few who could anticipate a moral reform.

Our wonder is how a writer, who in some respects can be so extremely fair, should have so egregiously failed to understand the true spirit of the Puritan movement, and should have allowed, on the part of individuals, an occasional unfaithfulness to their own principles and of men placed in a new and extremely difficult position, to make him so unfair to a whole party and their principles. He has himself pointed out the difference between the Puritans and the Separatists. The Anglican Puritans of course were not opposed to the repression of heresy, but the protest of the Independents in the Westminster Assembly, and the spirit which everywhere marked the ecclesiastical administration of Oliver Cromwell, should at least be sufficient to show that there were men in that seventeenth century who had made advances in the direction of toleration considerably in advance either of Henry IV. or of L'Hôpital. We may naturally be suspected of partiality in this matter. We have, therefore, the more pleasure in quoting the eloquent words of one on whom no such suspicion can rest, and who takes a much more generous view of the men of New England. The Rev. Phillips Brooks, in his extremely wise and suggestive little book on "Tolerance," just published, says :

I must not try, interesting as the task might be, to enter into the vexed question of the tolerance or intolerance, or rather the mixture of tolerance and intolerance, in the men who brought the Christian religion to our American shores, and especially in the Puritans who came from England. Three things concerning them are worthy of our notice—first, that the Puritans, who came direct from England, are always to be distinguished from the Pilgrims, who came by way of Holland and caught some of the broader spirit of that “nursery of freedom and goodwill;” second, that the noblest utterance of hopeful tolerance in all that noble century was in the famous speeches in which John Robinson, their minister, bade loving farewell to his departing flock at Leyden, in which occur these memorable words: “I am verily persuaded, I am very confident, that the Lord has more truth yet to break out of His Holy Word;” and thirdly, that somewhere in the bitter heart of Puritanism was hidden the power, partly by development and partly by reaction, which was to produce the freedom of these modern days.

We do not desire to put in any stronger plea than this. The task which these colonists undertook was sufficiently difficult and embarrassing. They were really making a great experiment, and making it under circumstances which were specially untoward and unfortunate. They had not only to guard against the attacks of their Indian neighbours, but they were continually liable to interference from the mother country. Heylin tells us that Archbishop Laud had at one time conceived the mad project of subduing them. For a time their course seemed to be dogged by misfortune and trouble of every kind. All these things require to be taken into account when we are judging the action, unwise and intolerant as it was, which they took as they supposed in self-defence. It must be remembered, also, that there was a marked distinction between New Plymouth and Massachusetts. Mr. Doyle says that in its early years it stood out conspicuous for the brotherly love and helpfulness of its citizens, for the scrupulous morality which marked their dealings whether with Englishmen or Indians, and still more for the absence of those theological disputes in Massachusetts. “We cannot err,” he says, “in ascribing a large share of this to the influence of Robinson;” but Robinson is the true representative of Congregationalism, and we are glad to find Mr. Doyle doing

full justice to his lofty character, to his enlightened spirit of tolerance, to his remarkable practical wisdom.

A gallery of striking portraits might be collected from these two volumes. Circumstances do much to make men, and those who are forced into prominence in colonies growing up under circumstances so extraordinary were of necessity men of strength. Winthrop, the governor of Massachusetts, was no ordinary man. Mr. Doyle often differs from his policy, but he recognizes his singular ability, speaks of him as being "on a narrower stage the counterpart of Pym and Hampden, the forerunner of Washington and Madison." "He is raised," he tells us, "above such a statesman as Walpole, not more by the dignity and purity of his personal character, than by the loftiness of his political views." He never scrupled to face unpopularity or to tell unpalatable truths. William Bradford, one of the original Plymouth colonists, was one of those born rulers who from time to time have played such an important part in American story. He was the historian of the early days of Plymouth, and Mr. Doyle does full justice to the discrimination and care with which he has done his work. But perhaps, after all, the most striking figure in the group is that of Roger Williams, who may not unfairly be described as the apostle of liberty in New England. He preached it, he worked for it, he struggled and suffered for it. The literary duel between him and Cotton on the subject of toleration itself marks an era in the history of religious liberty. Williams was banished, but, Mr. Doyle notwithstanding, we hold that he was the victor, not simply by virtue of his controversial skill, which our author acknowledges, but still more because of the real strength of his position. Mr. Phillips Brooks says that his first book on the "Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience" is yet, perhaps, the broadest and most unhesitating plea for tolerance in all its century. "Its protest," he tells us, "is that the armies of truth, like the armies of the Apocalypse, must have no sword, helmet, breastplate, shield or horse, but what is spiritual and of a heavenly nature." The stormy career of this brave and daring, if

somewhat erratic man, is very fully described in these volumes, but though our author is ready enough to complain of intolerance in the Puritans, he shows a strange *tendresse* towards Cotton's contention. "Cotton, at least," he says, "perceived that the civil power had certain definite obligations towards the individual citizens as spiritual beings. Clumsy, ineffective, hateful in its results as his solution is, yet it is perhaps better that the problem should be solved amiss than complacently ignored." It would be impossible to condemn the action of the Massachusetts rulers after accepting such a principle as this. Mr. Doyle deserves the praise due to painstaking effort and accuracy, and it is fair to say that his book grows upon us. But it lacks the picturesque element, and this, as well as the failure to do justice to these spiritual heroes, may be owing to this want of sympathy. The story is carefully told, but it is wanting in life and colour.

Mr. Drake's short volume on "The Making of New England" is simply intended to be a manual, and a very valuable manual it is. It groups the principal facts in an effective manner, and supplies that general outline of the story which, we fear, is all that the majority of English readers will desire to possess.

DR. JESSOPP ON RURAL ENGLAND.*

THERE is a rare charm about Dr. Jessopp's writings which few will find it possible to resist. The volume before us consists of articles which have appeared in *The Nineteenth Century*, and they have won so high a reputation that the book is sure to be welcomed by a large circle of readers. Nor is the popularity which the author has attained at all difficult to understand. There is in all these sketches a touch of refinement and beauty which marks the man of culture and experience. The author is both a scholar and a man

* *Arcady: for Better for Worse.* By AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D.
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

of the world, and though there is a lack of enthusiasm in him, yet he has a deep interest in the men and women among whom he has lived and observed so closely, which is itself a source of attraction. While his shrewdness never degenerates into cynicism, it gives his sketches a freshness and piquancy which makes them suggestive as well as amusing. Though we cannot conceive of him as an emotional man, yet the book abounds with touches of singular pathos due to the sympathetic fidelity with which he depicts the sorrows and sufferings of the poor. But the greatest attraction of the book is its subject. Dwellers in cities, their ears filled with the unceasing clamour of our modern Babel and their thoughts absorbed in the exciting questions of the hour which are being discussed with such eagerness around them, experience a new and pleasurable sensation as they pass out of the heated atmosphere into the calm of "Arcady." It is difficult to realize that it belongs to our modern life. We seem to be wandering in a region of the olden time into which the ideas of this restless, feverish, impatient nineteenth century have not yet penetrated. But as we remember that it is within three or four hours' journey to London and that slowly but surely it is being drawn into the vortex of our modern life, the interest is indefinitely increased. The realistic pictures would under any circumstances be beautiful, but they become something more than beautiful as soon as we begin to feel that they are bringing before us some of the most intricate problems of our modern society, and supplying us with valuable contributions to a better understanding of them.

We cannot profess to agree with all Dr. Jessopp's opinions, but it is an immense advantage to have the records of his wide experience and the conclusions to which it has led him. Of course he looks at questions from his own standpoint—that of the "educated Christian gentleman" to whom the State has given the religious teaching of the parish; but there are few clergymen who could write with so much fairness and liberality. He is not without his own convictions and predilections, but he everywhere shows a remarkably open mind. It is almost inevitable that there should

be a slight *souçon* (it is hardly more than that) of the "superior person"; his *raison d'être* is this superiority, for the sake of which he has been sent to minister to the unenlightened rustics. Still, this is never offensively put forward. The air is that of a shepherd of Arcady, not that of a Pharisee or a priest. There is a quiet tone of mild and gentle wisdom all through. We know not whether we admire most his pictures from nature or his portraits of men, his amusing stories or his quiet and quaint philosophy. Take it altogether, it is a delightful book which it is hardly possible to open at any point without finding something to attract and probably to instruct also. The felicitous style in which Dr. Jessopp writes is a charm in itself. But we value it all the more when we find of how much valuable information and sound thought it has been made the vehicle. It is the very book to read before taking a holiday into the country, if for no other reason because it shows us how much there is in rural life to interest and kindle the spirit of intelligent observation.

The "country" has been supposed to be specially the heritage of the National Church. But Dr. Jessopp, with all his attachment to his own Church, does not give us any very encouraging idea as to the power which that Church has exerted upon the peasant population. On the contrary, he recognizes the hate which has been awakened against the clergy, although he endeavours to trace it to social inequality rather than to theological differences.

I do not for a moment believe that the feeling against the clergy, which the demagogue has done so much to stir up in some quarters, has anything at all to do with convictions remotely resembling religious scruples. It is simply and entirely the expression of intense dislike at the existence of any social inequalities. It is the mere revolt against any upper class by members of the lower. The farmer who holds a thousand acres, and so is reckoned a gentleman, is not a whit more popular than the parson. Nor would the gentry escape the outspoken hatred of the labourer, but that they are so few in number and now so seldom reside upon their estates. But the swains of Arcady have no love for the landlord (p. 122).

It cannot be said that this is at all a hopeful view of

the situation. It is, to say the least, an unfortunate result of the work of the "educated gentlemen," which has extended now over centuries, that the people whom it was specially intended to benefit and instruct have grown up into a sullen and stupid hatred of all who are or seem to be better off than themselves. A minister of Christ can, we should think, find but very poor consolation in the idea that if the clergy have not the confidence of the people, at all events the Dissenting minister is in no better condition. Dr. Jessopp in one place pours a good deal of contempt and ridicule upon the teaching in Dissenting chapels, and gives us a strange specimen of the kind of stuff which takes the rustics by storm; but in doing so he seems strangely oblivious to certain other statements which he has made, and exposes himself to the very censures which elsewhere he directs against his clerical brethren. Here, for example, is a remarkable passage as to the influence of the Primitive Methodists—

Explain it how we will, and draw our inferences as we choose, there is no denying it that in hundreds of parishes in England the stuffy little chapel by the wayside has been the only place where for many a long day the very existence of religious emotion has been recognized; the only place in which the yearnings of the soul and its strong crying and tears have been allowed to express themselves in the language for the moment unfettered by rigid forms; the only place where the agonized conscience has been encouraged and invited to rid itself of its sore burden by confession, and comforted by at least the semblance of sympathy; the only place where the peasantry have enjoyed the free expression of their opinions; and where, under an organization elaborated with extraordinary sagacity, they have kept up a school of music, literature, and politics, self-supporting and unaided by dole or subsidy—above all, a school of eloquence, in which the lowliest has become familiarized with the ordinary rules of debate, and has been trained to express himself with directness, vigour, and fluency. What the Society of Jesus was among the more cultured classes in the sixteenth century, what the Friars were to the masses in the towns during the thirteenth, that the Primitive Methodists are in a fair way of becoming among the labouring classes in East Anglia in our own time; what they may develop into in the sequel is another question with which I am not immediately concerned (pp. 77, 78).

If this be a true account of the power which the chapel

has exerted, Dr. Jessopp may be perfectly certain that there must be something better in the pulpit than the "shallow rhetoric" of which he speaks, and which is to be found in other pulpits as well as in those of Dissent.

This book might make the fortune of a diner-out, so full is it of capital stories. Limited as is our space, we must find room for one, and we are more ready to do it because it is impossible within the two or three pages at our disposal to discuss the great social questions which are here started. The story which we select is intended to cast well-deserved ridicule upon the prevailing worship of bigness.

Some years ago I took part in a very imposing ceremony—the *inaugurating*, I think they called it, of a monster pumping-engine, which was to develop the infinite resources of a certain mine in Cornwall. The promoter of the undertaking rose from the rostrum erected for the inevitable speechification, and this oration began: "That pump, ladies and gentlemen, has a piston wider by four inches in diameter than the one which drained the lake of Haarlem! Let us pray." And pray we did accordingly. The vicar of the parish was called upon to ask from the Most High a blessing upon the work of that mighty piston, and prosperity upon the gigantic scheme. "Romancing again?" Oh dear, yes! Of course he is romancing. Nevertheless, that worthy vicar is still alive, and there must be hundreds of people still living who were present on the occasion, and who remember the feasting if they have forgotten the prayer (pp. 137, 138).



DR. PARKER'S NEW VOLUME.*

In the course of his Biblical expositions Dr. Parker has now got into a region specially suited for the exhibition of his great powers of insight and of character-painting. In the opening passage of the story of Gideon with which this volume commences we have a striking illustration of this.

Men never get so clear away from evil as never to come back again to it; at any moment the course of life may be reversed, and the altar, the vow, the song, and the prayer may be forgotten like vanished

* *The People's Bible*. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Vol. VI.: Judges vi.—1 Samuel xviii. (Hazell, Watson, and Viney.)

summers. This makes the reading of human history a weary toil. We have only to turn over a leaf, and the saints who have been singing are as active in evil. It would be difficult to believe this if we did not know it to be true. The Bible history is indeed our own history written before the time. Our life seems to be spent upon a short ladder, in going up, in coming down, in going up to pray, in coming down to sin, and drying the tears of penitence; and climbing again and then coming down, miles short of heaven. The weariness is not in the literature—it is in the fact. We are merely men: when we would do good, evil is present with us; when we would do evil, the angel looks at us and reproaches our purpose. The history of Israel is the history of the world (p. 3).

Nothing could be more true than these striking observations, and nothing could better indicate the way in which such a book as that of Judges, and indeed the historic books of the Old Testament generally, should be handled. Both the old and the new school of critics have been too much in the habit of bringing into almost exclusive prominence the supernatural side of the story, and while the one has discredited the narrative because of this element, the other has so used it as to destroy its human character, and so rob it of its real significance. After all, these Jewish heroes were men, and they only can profit from these records of their doings who understand this, and find in their lives points of parallelism to their own. This is what Dr. Parker everywhere does, and in doing it makes these old records, which too many are inclined to disparage, living fountains of inspiration and truth. No doubt scholastic commentators would treat the subject from a different standpoint, and would supply certain elements of criticism which Dr. Parker has not attempted to introduce. We do not undervalue their work or deny its necessity. We will not even institute a comparison between it and that of Dr. Parker. Each may have its own appropriate sphere. All that we need to say is that such treatment as Dr. Parker's is just that which is necessary to make a large number of people understand the reality of the revelation that is contained in the Old Testament. Dr. Parker addresses himself to the heart as much as to the intellect, and in doing so shows that in this story

of the Jews is a message suited to the needs and cravings of man in the nineteenth century. The service which he thus renders to the cause of truth cannot easily be estimated. There is no evidence which can be adduced on behalf of the Bible so great as the living power of the book itself, and it is just this which Dr. Parker is developing in connection with the very parts of the Bible which many Christians have been accustomed to treat all too lightly. We heartily thank him for his new volume. There is no student so learned that he may not profit by it, there is no reader so humble that he may not understand and feel the force of its lessons.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Jill and Jack. By E. A. DILLWYN. In two volumes. (Macmillan and Co.) Miss Dillwyn writes in a bright, lively, and sparkling style, which cannot fail to interest. Of whatever other faults she may be accused, she can never be charged with being conventional or commonplace. Her characters may not have very many features to be admired, but there is pretty sure to be in them something of freshness and originality. Jill, the heroine of the present story, to say the least is not attractive. She has too much of the free and easy, not to say masculine, style, which seems at present to find so much favour with a certain class of novelists, and yet, with all her queerness and oddity, she succeeds in interesting us. We do not profess to like her, and are somewhat astonished that Miss Dillwyn does not seem wholly alive to the repellent features in her character, such as come out specially when she has to tell the story of that part of her life which, we believe, is narrated more fully in the story which is a prelude to the present. Still, the portrait is drawn with extreme cleverness, which is all the more striking, because of the contrast it presents to Sir John Wroughton and his mother. The plot is not a probable one, nor is there anything very heroic or noble in any of the characters, yet there is a considerable charm about the book. Some of its separate scenes are exceedingly effective, and they interest the reader even apart from the story itself. The schemings of Lady Wroughton, and the perplexities in which they involved her, are all depicted in very amusing style. There is one passage in the delineation of the character of Mrs. Hawk (who might have been drawn on the pattern of Lady Macbeth, though of course with less capacity and more limited temptations,) which is worth

quoting as a frank recognition on the part of an author who is not writing specially in the interests of Christianity, as to the moral result which must follow the decay of Christian faith: "Utterly destitute of the ordinary softness and gentleness of her sex, she was by nature hard, selfish, and unfeeling. And the evil that was natural to her was unmodified by regard for right and wrong, moral laws, or duty, because of her having entirely flung off the teaching of religion, and learnt to look down upon it with contempt. Ignoring everything beyond the ken of the five senses, and regarding the Bible as a mere collection of fables, it followed—not unnaturally—that she believed neither in God nor a future life, looked upon this world as all and final, and considered that the one object of paramount importance therein was to secure her own contentment and comfort, if anyhow possible. And thus on the present occasion, when she felt at liberty to let herself be seen as she really was, she proposed and discussed the getting rid of an inconvenient fellow-creature with a callousness which was hideously real, and made her auditor wince involuntarily, notwithstanding the great admiration which he felt for her superior courage and dash." The men who are so eagerly seeking to get rid of the Christian faith, indulging the vain hope of retaining its moral power and influence, though they have thrown away the foundation on which it all rests, would do well to ponder words like these, coming from one who cannot be supposed to take a priestly or a prejudiced view.

Mary Jane's Memoirs. By G. R. SIMS. (Chatto and Windus.) Mr. Sims is a clever story teller, but he is to be admired for his philanthropic spirit even more than for his artistic skill. His sympathies are with the poor, the weak, the neglected. His present book is intended as a plea for the domestic servant. Mary Jane is a typical housemaid, who has lived in many families, endured much tribulation, seen many phases of life both upstairs and downstairs. She has had experience of kind and considerate as well as of harsh and unreasonable masters and mistresses, of unfaithful and dishonest and drunken servants even as of others who have honestly sought to do their duty in the station of life in which God has placed them. She herself belongs to the latter class, and one of the author's difficulties arise out of this, for a handmaiden of character so unexceptionable and merit so great might have been expected to find a permanent home in a family capable of appreciating her worth. This difficulty, however, is cleverly set forth. Even good masters are not exempt from the casualties of life. They may be overcome by adverse circumstances, or changes may come which break up the household. So "Mary Jane" has many changes and has a good deal to put into her "Memoirs." Her observations are shrewd and suggestive, and many a mistress might find very valuable hints in these reflections of the servants' hall upon the parlour. There is a realistic tone about the whole which makes these records interesting, and may secure for them an amount

of attention that would not be given to a more formal representation of the case of Mr. Sims' clients. They certainly have reason to congratulate themselves on having found so able an advocate.

Glow-worm Tales. By JAMES PAYNE. Three volumes. *Little Novels.* By WILKIE COLLINS. Three volumes. (Chatto and Windus.) The author who has won a high reputation by finished and elaborate works of fiction ought to be very careful how he risks it by republishing shorter stories and papers which he may have contributed to magazines, even though in their original form they may have found considerable acceptance. The conditions of success in the two cases are so essentially different that it is extremely doubtful whether the light and airy touch which charms the magazine reader will have the same effect in a book whose three volumes give it a certain air of pretension. A pleasant bit of trifling in the midst of a number of papers, some of which are of a graver character, is one thing; a collection of trifles is a very different matter. This is what we feel, and feel strongly, in relation to Mr. James Payne's "*Glow-worm Tales.*" They do injustice to himself, for though they are clever and amusing, and in truth admirable as articles scattered over different magazines, they have hardly sufficient merit to warrant their being preserved in this permanent form. For the most part they are sketches and nothing more. They have on them no doubt the characteristic touches of Mr. Payne's well-known art. What he does he is sure to do well, and to this rule the present series does not form an exception; but in these brief stories there is not sufficient room for the play of his genius. His volumes have certainly this recommendation. They can be taken up in a leisure hour and wherever the reader opens them he is pretty sure to find something to interest and amuse him. The "*Little Novels*" by Mr. Wilkie Collins are not so fragmentary as those of Mr. Payne, and though they are short they are complete in themselves, and some of them sufficiently striking. Still, Mr. Wilkie Collins is known to us chiefly as the constructor of plots which hold the reader in breathless suspense from the very outset to the close, so effectually do they baffle curiosity. Of course, when instead of one continuous novel we have no less than fourteen stories contained in these volumes, there is not the same room for the exercise of the kind of art which is specially associated with Mr. Collins' name. But there is not one of these tales in which there is not a great deal of substance, and in some of the plots, such as that of Miss Dulane and Mr. Percy and the prophet, Mr. Lessel and the housekeeper, there is quite enough to show that Mr. Wilkie Collins' hand has not forgotten its old cunning.

The Victoria Shakespeare. Three volumes. (Macmillan and Co.) We cannot speak in terms too high of this unique edition of Shakespeare. The text is that of the Cambridge edition, with the addition of a most complete and valuable glossary, but instead of the one vo-

lume of the Globe edition we have three volumes, with a consequent improvement in the size of the type and the general character of the book. Mr. Aldis Wright and Mr. Clark are certainly the most approved editors of our great poet, and by giving us the results of their labour in this convenient form the publishers have done a real service for a large class of readers. Students will still probably desire to have the portly Cambridge edition, while humbler readers may content themselves with the single volume of the Globe. The Victoria edition worthily fills up the wide gap that separates the two, and supplies what many readers have felt to be a great desideratum. It is not easy to praise too highly the admirable typography and general get-up of these volumes.

An Easter Vacation in Greece. By JOHN EDWIN SANDYS. On the 17th of March in last year, Mr. Sandys, accompanied by his wife, started for a brief vacation in Greece, and all who have any idea of a similar excursion will be thankful that he did. This little volume is sufficient to awaken our desire to visit the same scenes, and at the same time to direct us how we may most wisely, most intelligently, and most economically do it. It is very different from a guide-book, and yet it contains a large amount of the very information which a guide-book ought to contain, but which, alas, is only too frequently conspicuous by its absence. It is, in fact, the book of a scholar, but of a scholar who combines with that knowledge of the past, essential to an enjoyment of a tour in Greece, an amount of practical wisdom in the details of everyday life which is hardly less valuable.

The Moors in Spain. By STANLEY LANE POOLE, B.A., M.R.A.S.; with the collaboration of ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin.) The new volume of this most useful and instructive series is devoted to a period of history which is comparatively unknown to the general reader, but which has in it all the fascination and charm of a romance. The sweep of the Saracens down on Spain was like others of the extraordinary conquests won by the first soldiers of Islam, but with this difference, that Spain was the last point in Mohammedan advance, and the first from which it was compelled to retreat. Traces of the Moorish occupation, however, have been left upon the country, and the most romantic episodes in the story of the nation are connected with the period over which this occupation extended. It is needless to say that Mr. Lane Poole is thoroughly competent to his work and has done it well.

Warring Angels. By T. H. PENGUIN. (T. Fisher Unwin.) *A Crystal Age.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Each of these single-volume stories has its own excellence. The first is a bright, sparkling, lively little tale, full of incident and movement. It depicts the struggle of

the contending forces of good and evil working upon a young wife's heart. Happily the victory remains with the good, although the struggle was so keen that at one time it appeared as though success would be on the opposite side. "A Crystal Age," is a story of the future, after the fashion of "The Coming Race." There is in it a great deal of originality and power, which must make it attractive to those capable of enjoying a book of pure fancy.

For Further Consideration. By EDWARD BUTLER. (Elliot Stock.) Mr. Butler is an independent and fearless thinker, full of lofty purpose, rich in spiritual feeling, and broad and generous in sympathy. He has a good deal to say, and he knows how to say it so as to interest and impress his readers. His style is simple but vigorous, and his essays are lighted up with felicitous illustrations which give them a brightness that is very attractive. A considerable part of this little volume is given to studies of life and character in the Idylls of the King. All of these are rich in suggestiveness, but some of the other essays may probably be more popular. They are full of common sense, and of a common sense which is not afraid to defy conventionalism. We could easily fill a good deal of space with racy illustrations and clever anecdotes. We will content ourselves with one. "What is more unpleasant than to have to charge an opponent with telling a lie? To use that term in its nude simplicity will excite in an audience (on an average occasion) the feeling of disgust which, as James Plush informed the master of the house, pervaded the servants' hall in reference to a dinner of leg of mutton, suet pudding, greens, potatoes, and beer. 'Substantial, sir, no doubt; but coarse, sir, very coarse.' How can we remove the coarseness? By dilution. We can say that our opponent reminds us of a conversation between a friend in Philadelphia and one who had made some incredible statement: 'William, thee knows I never call names, but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I should come to thee and say, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee.' An English judge attained the same end in this way: 'I should be sorry to say brother Pearson is the greatest liar of a lawyer I ever saw; but he is certainly more economical of truth than any counsel on this circuit.'"

Homely Talks about Homely Things. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. (James Clarke and Co.) This little volume is a collection of short papers on topics of general interest such as (to select a few): "Women and the Elections," "Little Ministers," "Home Prayers," "Joyous Sunday," "Children in Church." The general character of these essays is sanctified common sense. Miss Farningham writes as a Christian woman with a gentle and loving heart; who has looked at all the questions which she writes in a sympathetic spirit, and her words about them seem to us to be words of wisdom.

